THE SURVEY

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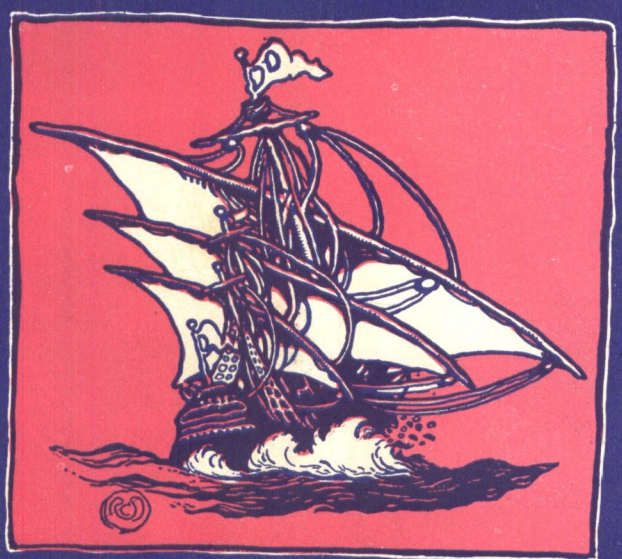

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By Richard C. Cabot

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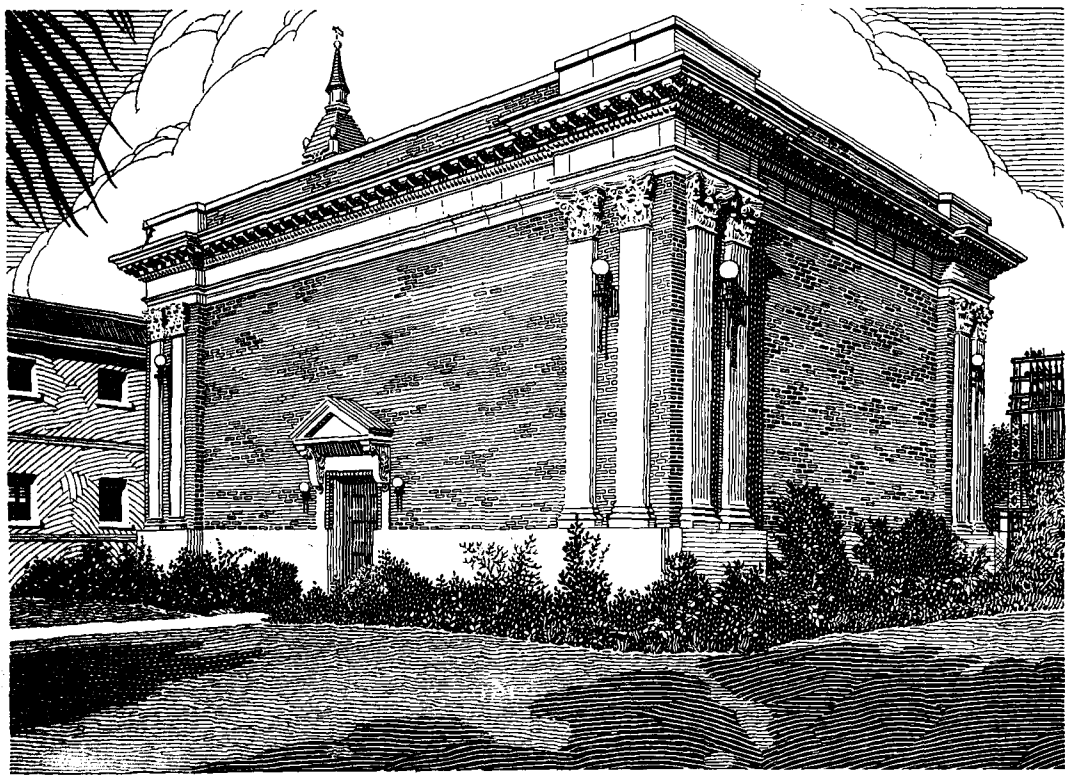

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Giving Good Gifts

CHRISTMAS!—Softly glowing lights. . . ropes of tinsel. . . glittering globes of gold and silver. . . music of voices, gay and laughing. . . joyous shouts of children. . . mounds of snowy packages tied with festive ribbons. . . the very symbol of Christmas!

What a lovely thing it is—the Christmas spirit—that prompts men and women to forget self and open hearts and purses that others may be made happy. But sometimes that very spirit—beautiful as it is—sweeps one into gift-giving which is embarrassing. In our efforts to spread gladness as far as we can reach we frequently send gifts to those who have much "gold, frankincense and myrrh" and who would appreciate a kindly Christmas thought more than an expensive gift.

At the Wayside

In a beautiful Christmas story, we are told of a Fourth Wise Man who was turned from his high purpose of bearing offerings to the new-born King by a compelling impulse to help the suffering at the wayside. Yet in the end was his honor all the greater. The allegory is plain:—the worthy desire to give costly gifts to those we love should not keep us from helping the unfriended and the needy.

When well and happy we are apt to forget the sick and suffering and needy—men and women and little children to whom Christmas has brought nothing but heartbreak and hopes denied, whose lives, drab at best, are made even more dreary by contrast with the gladness and cheer of the Yuletide season.

Try a New Plan this Year

This Christmas, give good gifts—not as custom dictates, but as your heart prompts. Give lavishly as your means will permit. Give to those you love and those to whom your gift will bring gladness. Give as far and as widely as you can. But in your giving set apart something—a little or much—for those who are in *need* of Christmas gifts.

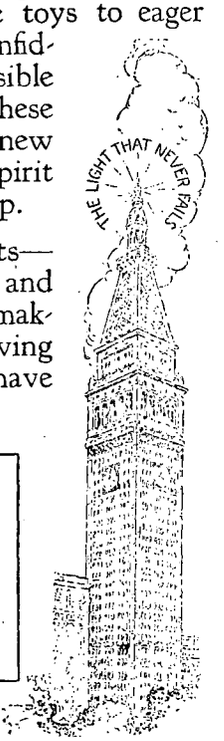
How wonderful to play Santa Claus to boys and girls whose parents, through poverty or sickness, are unable to give them dolls, drums and wooden soldiers they long to have!

It is not necessary to have a great deal of money to extend your gift-giving beyond your immediate circle. Perhaps you can spare only a dollar, or a twenty-five-cent piece, or a dime. When your dime or dollar is added to other dimes and dollars the amount is astonishing. A dollar alone is weak, but working with others it is strong.

Give Wisely

If you do not know any unfortunate families who need your help, or if you feel that the amount you can give is too small to be of use, give to one of the many well-organized relief and welfare societies. They are in a position to investigate needy cases and will use your money to do the greatest amount of good. They supply warm clothing, they furnish nourishing dinners and distribute toys to eager youngsters who have written confidingly to Santa Claus. It is impossible to calculate the good which these charitable agencies do in giving new hope and cheer to those sick in spirit and in body. They need your help.

—This Christmas, give good gifts—the gifts of happiness and cheer and encouragement. When you are making merry know that others are having a brighter Christmas because you have given from your heart.



You who are well and happy this Christmas—who are looking forward to a day of gladness spent with your dear ones—won't you help spread cheer and comfort among those stricken with Tuberculosis?

All over the world today are thousands and thousands of sufferers from Tuberculosis. In this country alone it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 men, women and children afflicted with this dread disease.

Christmas Seals help to support more than 600 hospitals and sanatoria, with nearly 70,000 beds; more than 600 clinics and dispensaries; 3,000 open-air schools, fresh air classes and outdoor camps for children predisposed to Tuberculosis; 10,000 nurses who are giving treatment and health instruction.

The cheery little Christmas Seals which are used to fight Tuberculosis offer an instance of useful giving. Whether your income is $50,000, $5,000 or $500 a year—here is a definite way to help others. Won't you do this simple, gracious thing—buy at least a dollar's or a dime's worth of Christmas Seals? They cost only a penny apiece. Others, seeing your Seals may be reminded to join in the noble work of fighting the Great White Plague.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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Mind in the Making

or

The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform

By James Harvey Robinson

James Harvey Robinson, author of "The Mind in the Making," and Joseph K. Hart, associate editor of Survey Graphic at Frederic C. Howe's School of Opinion at Siasconset, Mass. Mr. Howe and the Atlantic Ocean are behind the School and do not show in the picture. They were snapped red-handed in a plot to make people use their minds as well as their fingers and feelings.

Joseph K. Hart

"A single book might start a new age if it were widely read. Such a book is Prof. James Harvey Robinson's 'The Mind in the Making'." In *The Survey*.

H. G. Wells

"When I come to reckon up this American visit, I think I may well feel that the encounter of most importance and likely to have the greatest lasting effect upon me is meeting and talking to Prof. James Harvey Robinson and reading his fascinating book, 'The Mind in the Making'." In the *New York Times*.

The new Survey Associates Edition of "The Mind in the Making" at $1.00 is printed from the plates of the original edition, of which 100,000 copies were sold at $2.50 each. Cloth bound. 238 pages including "Some Suggestions in Regard to Reading."

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We invite you to join our fellowship.

By "we" I mean the 1856 members of Survey Associates. For our part, we have organized our curiosity; backed it with time and money; and spread the results before ten times our numbers through The Survey and Survey Graphic.

Why not share in the creative, exploratory work which thus engages us as a mutual publishing body? Conventional groupings don't help us in picking members. Rather it is a certain gleam in the way individual men and women look at life.

The president of Czecho-Slovakia for one. A Swiss lad working as a farm-hand in Pennsylvania for another. Dr. Eliot, Jane Addams, Justice Brandeis, Governor Pinchot, Ida M. Tarbell, Bishop McConnell, Father Ryan, Julia C. Lathrop, for others. The president of the Merchants' Association of New York. The secretary of the Foreign Policy Association. The author of "The Bent Twig." The president of the General Electric Company and the president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The president of the National League of Women Voters. The principle of natural selection which brings such members together in our cooperative enterprise is itself a fascinating riddle in psychology.

Perhaps you rightly belong. "We" invite you most cordially. Our roster of members and annual report was published in the Survey Midmonthly for November. Just fill out the blank below; mail it; and I shall be happy to present your name at our next Board meeting.

Sincerely,

Paul U. Kellogg

Editor

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(*Our fiscal and publishing year runs from October* 1, 1925, *to September* 30, 1926)

NOTE:—Half of a $10 Cooperating Subscription covers the regular $5 joint subscription to The Survey for the twelve months succeeding, half is a contribution to our educational work and development. It makes such a subscriber eligible for election as a Survey Associate for the current year, but creates no other financial liability, nor promise of renewal another year.

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A Glimpse Ahead

In Reply to Dr. Cabot

The Survey has asked a group of men and women to write to Dr. Cabot's text for the January Survey Graphic: members of the faculties of theological schools—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish; medical schools for their comparable experience; institutional managers, case workers and leaders in adult education. From these various angles, the symposium is bound to be a spirited one; with rejoinder by Dr. Cabot himself.

American Foreign Policy

From a handful in 1918 to some thousands of members in 1925: the Foreign Policy Association has become a focal point in the life of New York and the nation. Its chairman, James G. MacDonald, will throughout the winter interpret for us current developments in international relations, their social context, and their American bearings.

My Apprenticeship

Sidney and Beatrice Webb!—not since the twain of Charles and Mary Lamb have two names been so linked in English life and letters. They were the first scientific students of trade union and labor problems. Mrs. Webb took part in Charles Booth's monumental study of the Life and Labor of the People of London—the first great city survey. Herbert Spencer was her father's friend, her girlhood companion. Famous names, searching social analyses, mark her reminiscences in Survey Graphic.

When Boys and Girls Go to Smash

You discuss the oncoming generation with men and women your own age; and are a bit uneasy about it. A boy murderer, or a college girl run amuck, strikes you like a bruise to youth itself. What do people whose business it is to deal with discipline and youthful spirit in the 'teens have to offer in this day and age? Miriam Van Waters, referee of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, is one of these. She works with children—not at them. And she has three articles on the stocks for The Survey.

The West—and up

Chester Rowell can't get over his lifelong habit of daily editorials and the Scripps papers spread them before twenty million readers. But in his private life he is up to his elbows in the social and economic experiments and problems of the Pacific Coast, and these he interprets in a series of six articles.

Overseas—

Francis Hackett, S. K. Ratcliffe, Cornelia Stratton Parker, John P. Gavit—social interpreters all, with the gift of plumbing deep into the currents of life, will write from Europe in the coming year.

Free Schools

That's what we call our public schools sometimes: but are they?—measured by the yard stick of the Danish *Folk Höjskole?*—free in the sense that they release such native powers as have made the Dane the last of the independent farmers—or the first in a modern way? Professor Joseph K. Hart, who spent last summer in Denmark, writes on what they have to teach us.

Human Inventions

Our Yankee gift is finding vent in a thousand new forms. Juvenile courts, organized playgrounds, psychiatric clinics are inventions no less than dynamos, telephones and airplanes. In health and social work, city planning and the more intricate problems of human behavior, experiments go forward. These things are grist for Survey Graphic.

Harlem—and after

Last March, the Survey Graphic brought out a special number on Harlem: Mecca of the New Negro. The demand was instant; we had to put it back on the press and run off a second edition. Throughout the year we shall follow the rich vein it opened up.

The Pacific Rim

For three years, some of the colleges of the Pacific Coast have been cooperating with Professor Robert E. Park in a survey of race relations for the Institute of Social and Religious Research. We shall tap their findings in a special number.

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THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

IT is no accident that the doughty physician who fought almost single-handed for the cross-fertilization of social work and hospital service should now be urging with equal conviction the cross-fertilization of social work and the ministry. Dr. Cabot: author of What Men Live By; physician to out-patients of the Massachusetts General Hospital since 1898; professor of medicine at Harvard since 1919; professor of social ethics at Harvard since 1921; member of the national council of Survey Associates and one of the Survey's most valued advisors. The first of five Adventures on the Borderland of Ethics appears on p. 275.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE, who writes with Elizabeth MacCallum of the Damascus situation (p. 279) is head of the department of history at Barnard College. He has lectured on nationalism and imperialism in the Near East at Columbia, traveled in Turkey during 1924 and is the author of Turkey, the Great Powers and the Bagdad Railway. Miss MacCallum lived in the Near East for fourteen years and is now associated with the Near East Section of the Research Department of the Foreign Policy Association.

ON page 282 we meet Matilda, velvet coat and swagger stick, dumb but cheerful; Mr. Stugel, the anomaly, also cheerful; and Andy, thrifty, Scotch and in love. Mrs. Wembridge takes us through some fantastic and tragic events in their joint lives and leaves the future of Matilda, I. Q. 73, to our imagination.

ON January 28, 1922, The Survey first published an account of Mahatma Gandhi, his spiritual beliefs apart from his political activities (Gandhi the Man, by Srenevasa Sastri). Later S. K. Ratcliffe (August 1924 Graphic) and Savel Zimand (December 1924 Graphic) discussed Indian developments and the political work of this great leader. Here we have the message of Gandhi himself (p. 285) on one of the most important tenets of his faith—the necessity for the abolition of "untouchability."

THE new day of India is growing bright. H. A. Popley, an Englishman, who has lived twenty-five years in India, is head of a Southern Indian Y. M. C. A. district. From a vantage-point of close sympathy with Gandhi and his followers he has watched the changing village life of this ancient nation, and offers a hopeful analysis of the changes on p. 286.

THE completion of fifteen years of an experiment in promoting industrial health through the collaboration of employers and union—the Joint Board of Sanitary Control in certain of the New York needle trades—will be celebrated at a national conference on industry and health at the Town Hall, New York, on December 14. Mr. Bruère here sketches the history of this notable adventure (p. 289).

THE League—Geneva—the protocols: Mrs. Parker has watched year by year the stirring succession of conferences, pourparlers, treaties by which Europe feels her way toward peace. Here, as in 1923 and 1924, she writes for The Survey her vivid impression of the slow-moving stream of international comity (p. 291).

RALPH M. PEARSON'S etchings are known to Survey readers (November, 1922, and May, 1925, Survey Graphic). On page 294 he discusses aesthetic experience as a social asset with particular reference to the value of the modern print in this direction, basing his fresh comment on a theory of aesthetics which is elaborated in his book, How to See Modern Pictures, published last spring. The prints reproduced are from the traveling exhibition, Fifty Prints of the Year, sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. A measure of significance attaches to this exhibition from the fact that it is the first effort in this country towards an annual exhibition in which complete recognition is given to work which has grown out of the so-called "modern movement."

TO Mrs. Austin's mind a new force is reshaping the community life of the Southwest both in countrysides and in towns and villages (page 301). It is a break with the old tradition of the self-contained farm and the self-sufficient farmer. It is, however, equally indigenous to American soil. It is growing from the ground up. Individual farmers and fruit growers and town dwellers of the Southwest are dependent upon common utilities—on indivisible utilities—on water and irrigation and power systems. This primary fact is reshaping a lot of relationships. More than that the development is going forward in a region whose primitive people have met it, along the same lines, for a thousand years; where their culture has struck a balance between individual initiative and common service—so perfect an economic balance that unquestionably it slowed down their racial development. But the whites are facing the same problem of the desert country with new tools—with great dams, structures, water and power plants. Not a slowing down but a dynamic situation—yet linked with this new-old communal factor in American life. It is bringing to the fore the engineering type of mind—imaginative leadership plus communal understanding.

A NEW YORK store which specializes in gear for the out-of-doors advertises itself as standing "where the blazed trail crosses the boulevard." Not less spectacular is the point at which the Survey's department of Letters & Life chooses to operate—the point at which fiction, the stage, belles-lettres cut across the current, and reveal the swirling depths of life itself. In this issue Mr. Millis, (page 310) lately an editorial writer for the New York Herald-Tribune comments on a number of recent novels from this specialized point of view.

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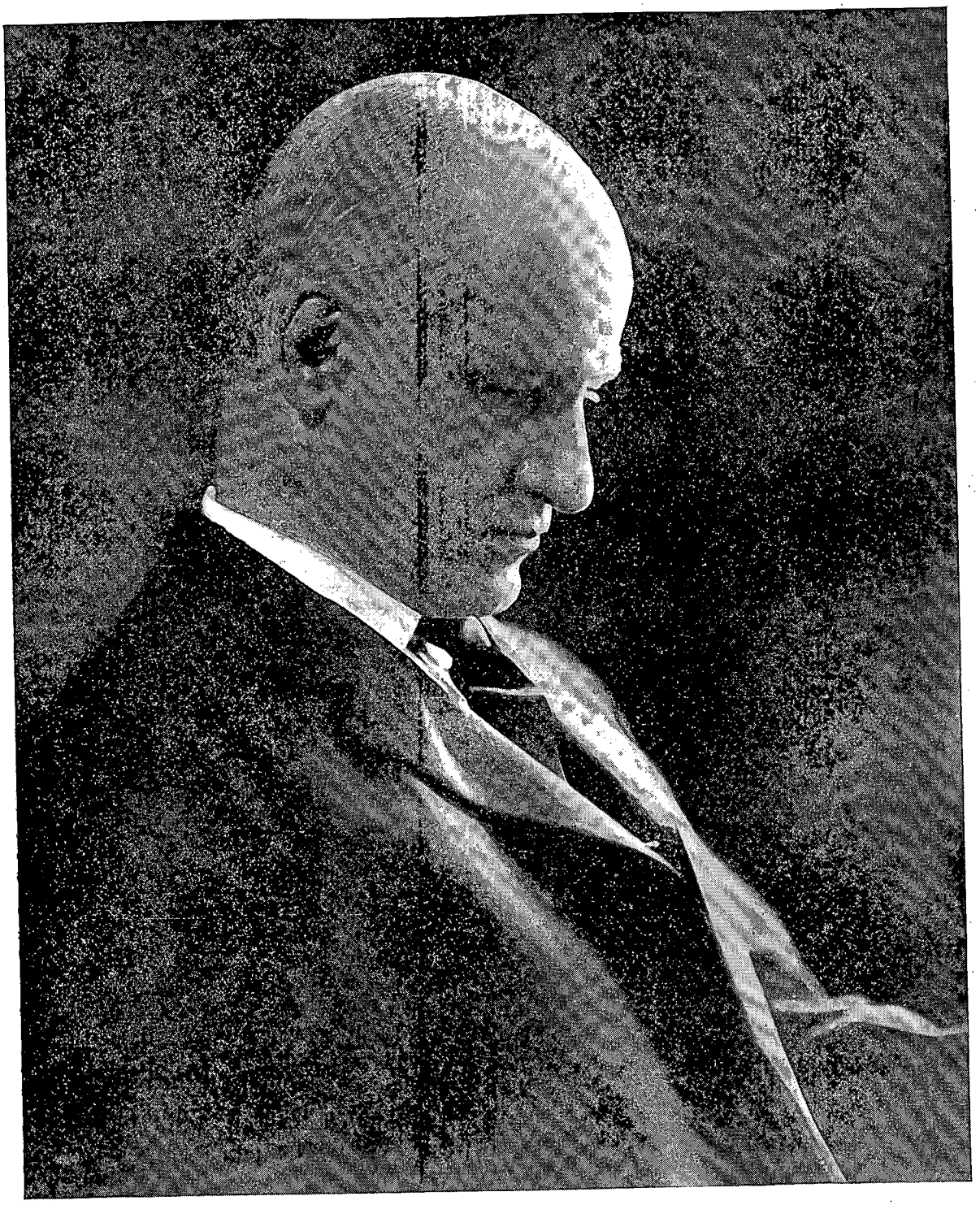

Photograph by Bachrach

RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

DECEMBER 1, 1925

Volume LV
No. 5

Adventures on the Borderland of Ethics

A plea for a clinical year in the course of theological study

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

I LIVE next door to the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. I see the students going in and out or playing base ball on the green turf below my windows. I hear their morning chapel bell. Naturally, I am led to wonder about them and their problems. I've wondered whether their call to the ministry has meant in every case a call to preach or whether to many it is not rather a call to carry the gospel of Christ to fellow men in trouble of mind, body or spirit and if so, whether their future service to individuals in their parishes is not very like what the doctor actually does (not what he is supposed to do) when he visits a patient.

For as I have known medical students and theological students, their ideals and hopes, they seem to me astonishingly alike. In each group the majority want to be of use to their kind, in man-to-man personal relations. A smaller number like to deal with crowds and to give them the healing truth (public health physicians, preaching ministers) while a few in every hundred are the born teachers and research men who become connected with medical or theological schools.

All this I talked over with the theological students one evening. I also told them how much resemblance I thought there was between a medical visit and a parish call. The doctor seldom makes a swift and final diagnosis, seldom produces a triumphant remedy and departs in a blaze of glory. He does what he can professionally; but the larger part of his call is often social; he aims to encourage, to console, to amuse and distract, occasionally to instruct or to warn.

To a family struck in a heap by the burden and terror of illness, he tries to make himself of use in all sorts of homely and humble ways.

Much of this the minister of religion, in case he thinks that preaching is not his special talent, would like also to do in his parish work. But for this, I found on inquiring of my audience, the theological schools provide no training and no practice. It has been assumed apparently that skill and ability to help people in trouble could not be learned by practice while in the seminary—that men either had it by nature and instinct or lacked it—but that in any case it *could not be taught.*

Against this assumption I put the experience of medical students and medical practitioners, most of whom can testify that during their medical course they learned this unlearnable art not, of course, as they would like to, not in that perfection which they could wish for, but vastly better than their own stumbling hesitating attempts when first they began. And how is it to be learned? By practice and by watching others who know it better. Medical students assisting in a hospital ward or in an Out Patient Clinic, listen to their "chiefs" as they open up a conversation, as they encourage, explain, console or rebuke their patients. They observe the steps by which a shy person, a reticent per-

Dr. Cabot's Series

Six kinds of people—ministers, physicians, social workers, business men, teachers, and all who have dealings with any of these five—will find fresh stimulation in the five articles by Dr. Cabot of which this is the first. Most of us work behind walls—walls of plaster and wood, or walls of specialization and professionalism. Dr. Cabot, physician, teacher, social worker, prophet, thinks in wider reaches and throws open the windows.

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son is drawn out. They see how the ice is broken in difficult situations. They see how a visit is brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Then they try to do likewise; they find, of course, that they cannot copy their teacher's ways and expressions, but can usefully follow his *methods*. They feel out their own way of getting to know people, their own kind of tact, their own ways of bringing home an idea which they wish to impress.

II.

SOMETIME after I had talked these matters over with a group of theological students, the dean of the school was kind enough to ask me to meet a class of senior students once a week and try to explain more in detail what I meant. This was, I think, an extraordinarily liberal offer, as I am not an Episcopalian and have had no theological training. But I accepted it because I believe—as I have explained above—that medical visits and clerical visits are a good deal alike, so that my experience as a physician can be of some use to those about to enter the ministry.

I got Dr. Alfred Worcester of Waltham, Massachusetts, to help me. He is the best practitioner of medicine that I have ever known, because he is a Christian, has always worked in a small city where he knew everybody, has never specialized and has always cared for the minds and souls of his patients, as well as for their bodies. We met a group of about a dozen students once a week for two hours and encouraged them to talk with us and not merely to listen. We talked over with them such topics as:

Visiting the sick.
Attendance upon the dying.
Consolation of the bereaved.
Advice as to marriage and parenthood.
The opportunities and privileges of visiting aged people.
Sex problems.
Praise and blame.
Misfortunes and the ways of meeting them.
Delinquency in children and adults. Our task in personal relations with the delinquent and his family.
The problem of alcoholism; drug habits.
The problem of the neurasthenic.
Insanity and feeble-mindedness.
The art of conversation and the avoidance of gossip.
The differences of men and women.
Race traits and race psychology.

Some of these subjects—especially the subject of insanity—occupied us for a good many weeks, because, in my experience, clergymen are almost certain to have intimate dealings with the insane and with their families and need both to become familiar with its usual manifestations, and to avoid trying to diagnose it.

III.

IN all this, Dr. Worcester and I were not trying to draw theological students away from theology and into medical or social work. We believe that the gospel of Christ and the spirit by which Christ lived is what is most needed in every one of the problems which we talked over with the students. We believe that the spirit of Christianity and the power of Christianity—(and not of a vague theism or a stoical ethics)—is the solution for the social problems which every minister's parish contains. We are quite prepared to say that the Christian minister shall preach nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified"—no sociology, no psychoanalysis, no secular economics or hygiene. The "socialization of the gospel" has often meant the abandonment of the gospel in a mush of modern materialism and sentimentalism. The minister's job as we see it (I am speaking still of Dr. Alfred Worcester and myself) is not the same as the doctor's or the social worker's or the psychologist's. When we urge a theological student to get "clinical experience" outside his lecture rooms and his chapel, to visit the sick, the insane, the prisons and the almshouses, it is not because we want him to get away from his theology but because we want him to practise his theology where it is most needed, i.e., in personal contact with individuals in trouble.

Our lectures and discussions were little more than a whet and a challenge. We wanted to show the intense religious interests of these personal problems and the crying need of practice in meeting them. In short we wanted to urge upon them the need of *a clinical year as a part of theological study*.

Not a medical year or a sociological year, but a year of practice in applying their religious beliefs in the attempt to encourage, to console, to steady human souls and to *learn from them* as well as from failures in attempting to help them. In his parish the young minister may fear to intrude upon the problems of his parishioners. But no one need fear to intrude in an almshouse if he goes there with the sincere desire to bring a little companionhsip and cheerfulness into lives that are often very lonely and depressed. Visitors to the old people in the almhouses, to the sick in hospitals, to the insane in asylums, are sorely needed.

I will not say that theological students can do no harm in these places. But I am confident that they can do as much good and as little harm as medical students now do in such institutions, and that, like medical students, they can learn there *some* of the essentials of their profession.

Like medical students they should be supervised both by those responsible for their instruction (their own theological professors) and by those in charge of the institution itself and responsible for the care of its inmates. Both these checks are now exercised upon the freedom of medical students in hospitals, asylums and almshouses. They are necessary. But they are sufficient. Under their protection medical students are able not only to learn the central lessons of their profession but to be of great use to the patients, indeed, to make themselves invaluable—a necessary part of the institution's management.

The same would be true—and in some ways still truer—of theological students. While learning how to scrape acquaintance of all sorts and races of men, women and children, while practising their powers of amusing, cheering, interesting, encouraging, consoling, instructing a patient and of passing on to him the spiritual dynamic by which Christians live, the theological student would learn to be of peculiar value to the patients and to the institution; because having learned to appreciate the value of medical and surgical aid, he would also learn its signal limitations. He would see what doctors and nurses are peculiarly blind to and so would bring in a fresh kind of helpfulness, supplementing but not opposing the medical régime.

No one who has not lived long in hospitals can know how much this extra-medical vision and service is needed there. Not cruelty or callousness but an amazing blindness is the curse of these instituitons. With rare and

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blessed exceptions, nurses, doctors and hospital superintendents all succumb to it. Even social workers cannot always keep clear of it.

I have said that if this "clinical year" for theological students is established (as I am convinced it ought to be) as a regular part of theological training, the students should be supervised by their own theological teachers (as well as by the hospital authorities) in the institution. They should have (as medical students have) a chance to watch their teachers doing the thing which they (the students) need to learn: talking with patients, tackling difficult personal problems and often failing. Medical students see their teachers grapple with a difficult medical problem and often fail to solve it or make a mess of it. This is good both for teachers and for students. They see their teacher's patience, his courage, his ingenuity, his tact tried, hard pressed, struggling; sometimes splendidly successful, sometimes a flat failure. Medical students see all this. Theological students will see it when their teachers take their proper place (one of their proper places) in the difficult wrestle of personal relations. Their labors in another of their proper places—in the theological seminary, its lecture rooms and chapel—will then be multiplied many times in value. For with the experiences of the hospital, the asylum, the almshouse, *held in common memory by students and teachers who have faced them together,* the lecture, the sermon, the prayer will be enormously enhanced in educative power.

It will be a searching trial for the teachers, but those who come through it will be raised to a higher level, both of spiritual life and of teaching. I know what it is to talk over with students in the quiet of the classroom the problems, often spiritual ones, into which we have put our best strength to solve together in the clinic. Often one thinks more clearly when one gets away from the bewildering onslaught of sights, sounds and smells, from the hopeless discouragement written on the face of a chronic sufferer or the profusion of sophistries fired at one by the hard pressed sinner. Then, after taking counsel with one's students in the lecture room, a better plan of action is evolved and one can go back to the clinic with them next day better armed to meet the ancient foe.

Everyone who meets students in classrooms knows how one is hampered by the lack of a body of concrete experience held in common by students and teacher, serving as a field for illustration, holding discussion down (or up) to reality, linking in profitable union the minds of all present. Clinical work supplies just such a reservoir of common reminiscences into which teacher and pupils can dip when they need it.

IV.

THEOLOGICAL teaching, Biblical study, systematic theology (that king of all studies!) the construction of sermons and the conduct of worship, would, I believe, find refreshment and invigoration if, between these exercises, the teachers and pupils had been on the firing line together, had suffered and rejoiced together, shared success and failure, been inspired sometimes by the nobility of human nature seen under stress of misfortune or temptation, been disgusted sometimes by the horrors of human nature at its worst and by their own ineptitude and helplessness in the attempt to set up better standards. I believe that young ministers so taught, given such a taste for the need of Christ's gospel and the power of that gospel in suffering and loneliness, would not stop with their "clinical year" but would continue their "clinical work" both in the families and in the institutions of their parishes. Such ministers would also, I believe, become far better preachers; and for this reason, as well as for their greater experience and helpfulness in the great common problems of human personality and human association, they would be more prized, sought after and rewarded both by their congregations and by the public at large.

V.

BUT in the institutions where human sufferers are congregated, I think the usefulness of ministers (trained as I have tried to suggest) would be as great as in their own congregations at home. Why I believe this I must explain by a brief digression. Not all readers of The Survey, I imagine, are aware that a hospital is almost certain to rise to a better standard of usefulness to its patients and to attain strikingly higher standards—both technical and humanitarian—when medical students and medical teachers become a part of its organization and help to carry on its daily work. Most hospital superintendents know this and manoeuver by all the means in their power to get and hold connection with a medical school.

This is at first hard to believe. One's first thought is of the interference of students, prone to "experiment" on patients, bungling and callous, invading privacy and modesty by their prying curiosity and their ignorant examinations. There is a certain measure of justification for such fears. But on the whole and in the long run there is no question that medical students and medical teachers focus upon the central tasks of diagnosis and treatment an amount of energy and conscientiousness that cannot be attained without their presence. There is less carelessness on the part of nurses and doctors, less neglect, fewer blunders, less reliance on antiquated and useless methods. Criticism and inquiry are in the air. One has to justify one's ways and convince others. One cannot conceal one's shortcomings of patience, one's laziness, one's petty tyranny, one's inhumanity and selfishness—or rather, it is much harder to do so, when the results of one's work have to be shown to students and described in lectures as good examples of modern science, or now and then as awful examples of modern blundering. With such possibilities in view, people brace up and "watch their step." They may even catch the inspiration and the current of better ways and be transformed inwardly as well as outwardly.

I have described all this in detail because I believe that another and as great a hoisting of standards will take place in these great institutions where suffering humanity is to a considerable extent at the mercy of those set to care for them, when the clergy, as well as the medical profession, has asked for its chance to learn and to serve in hospitals, asylums and almshouses.

Theological students must come, not occasionally, with a burst of short-lived enthusiasm, but regularly, for prescribed periods and accepting the discipline of the institution —however much they may hope to improve it in the end. They cannot be of use unless they can discern and describe to hospital authorities a regular set of duties calculated to serve the welfare of the patient. (*Continued on page* 315)

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Photo by International Newsreel

The Druses retreating from Souieda under French bombing

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Photo by International Newsreel

Druse warriors on their way to fight in the battle on the road to Damascus

Damascus

By EDWARD MEAD EARLE and ELIZABETH MacCALLUM

IN October the Christian and Moslem worlds were aroused by a bombardment by French artillery and air forces of the ancient city of Damascus. Since then, dispatches have told of further clashes throughout the fall. Casualties among the native population as a result of forty-eight hours of military terrorism in Damascus are variously estimated from one thousand to eight thousand, although the strict censorship has thus far prevented accurate information being obtained. In addition, extensive areas of Damascus have been laid waste, including the historic "Street Called Straight." Destruction of portions of the residential quarters has rendered perhaps one hundred and twenty thousand people homeless, is reported to have driven hundreds into banditry as the only available means of livelihood, and has aroused intense bitterness in the foreign as well as the native quarters concerning the character of the French military administration.

The bombardment of Damascus was but the climax to the Druse uprising of last July, the sixth armed insurrection in Syria since the French took over the country from General Allenby in 1919. However, the present uprising is the first which has received widespread publicity in the West by reason of the fact that heretofore the French have been able to prevent detailed reports from reaching the outside. In this case the wanton destruction of foreign property and the insecurity of foreign nationals have aroused the whole world to a realization of the threatening character of the Syrian situation. So great is the danger to American lives and property, for example, that the French Government, without protest, has permitted two American destroyers to enter the harbor of Beirut—eloquent testimony to the inability of the French administra-

The Great War wrote the place names of the Middle Ages at the top of our cables. The ferment in the Near East makes copy of the Bible Lands—Egypt, Macedonia, Syria. At this holiday season it is Damascus, with its echoes of Old and New Testaments, which is up in the news. Here two specialists identified with the Near East section of the Foreign Policy Association interpret the economic and political situation in Syria; its background of age-old racial strivings, and in the foreground its modern challenge to social stewardship under the mandate system.

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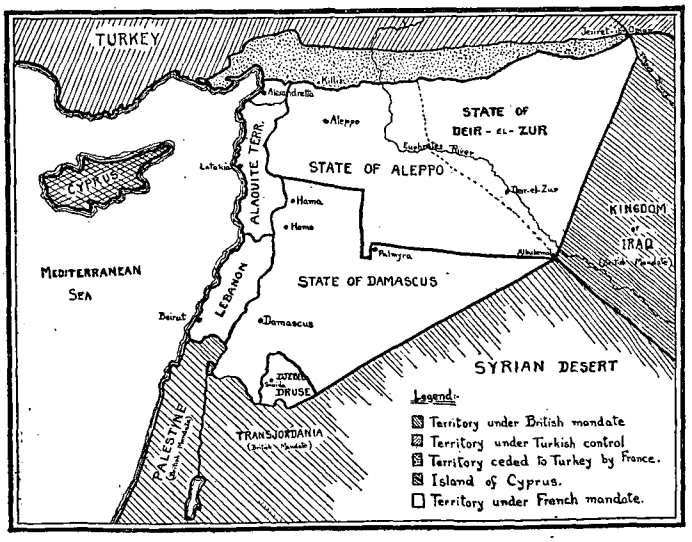
tion to maintain law and order. After expending at least three billion francs and more than six thousand French lives in Syria since 1919, the French Government is compelled to admit publicly that its hold upon Syria is exceedingly precarious. The whole of Syria, with the exception of the city of Beirut, is in some degree of active armed insurrection against French authority.

Syria cannot be dismissed as a problem of France alone. It will be recalled that the French are in Syria under a mandate from the League of Nations, based upon the cardinal assumption that Syria is one of those areas of the former Ottoman Empire which have now reached, to quote Article 22 of the Covenant of the League, "a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone." Unless the system of mandates is to be admitted by the League to be merely a new name for an old imperialism, a thoroughgoing investigation must be made of the French trusteeship in this portion of the Arab world. Although the latest dispatches from Paris indicate that the French Government is prepared to mend its ways and to substitute a civil for the military administration "as soon as order has been reestablished," it is to be hoped that an unbiased commission of inquiry may be appointed to determine and publish all of the facts rather than such as may be judiciously selected by French or Arab propagandists. In this connection, the large and influential Syrian colonies throughout the world, and particularly in the United States, may render a distinct service both to their compatriots and to the cause of the so-called "backward peoples." Syrians in Argentine have already voiced their protest and Syrians resident in the United States appear to be aware of the opportunity which awaits them in agitating for such an impartial investigation.

The Permanent Mandates Commission, the body which reports to the League Council on the manner in which the terms of the mandates are being carried out, has asked France for a supplementary report covering all political events in Syria during 1925. France has agreed to submit this report at the February meeting of the Commission, and has recalled General Sarrail, the High Commissioner in Syria, to give an account of his administration. There has been a disposition in France and elsewhere to attribute to General Sarrail all of the consequences of French maladministration in Syria. But it must be remembered that General Sarrail has been in Syria less than a year and that he fell heir to many difficulties left unsolved by his predecessors. The real problem lies in the apparently irreconcilable conflict between an Arab nationalism which demands complete independence for Syria, and a French imperialism which has been disposed to treat this mandated territory as one of the less important French colonies.



The area involved

THE French have found Syria by no means a path of roses. From the start they were unwelcome. The inhabitants of all of Syria (except the Lebanon) had signified to the King-Crane Commission, appointed by President Wilson, that their first desire was for independence, their second for an American mandate, their third for a British mandate, and that their most pronounced aversion was for a French mandate. The hostility of the Arabs in particular to French rule was the more dangerous because of the pronounced national consciousness of the Syrians, the difficult character of the country to be administered, the existence of diversified religious sects, and the strategic position of Syria in relation to the rest of the Near East. Before they had time effectively to occupy the country, the French were attacked in the north by the Turks and suffered military reverses which compelled the negotiation of an unfavorable peace with Angora in October 1921, providing among other things for a rectification of the Turco-Syrian boundary (see map). Furthermore, their attention absorbed by problems of security at home, by a serious war in Morocco, and by seemingly insoluble problems of finance, the French have never been able to give to Syria the attention which so difficult a situation commands. The best of French statesmanship has been occupied with other than colonial difficulties, and for this reason, if for no other, disastrous mistakes of judgment have been made. Strong-arm methods having failed, and the problem of European security having reached a possible solution, the French Government must now divert to Syria some of its best political and economic intelligence.

Those responsible for the system of mandates as a substitute for competitive imperialism believed that effective political and economic cooperation between the Western Powers and the Near Eastern peoples might promote peace and prosperity throughout the former Ottoman Empire. But an examination of the French administration in Syria for the last six years demonstrates that to the present, at least, such hopes have been ill-founded.

THE French occupation has meant, in the first place, the imposition upon Syria of an inflated currency, with a consequent rise in the cost of living disproportionate to that of any neighboring country. Within six months of the arrival of the first High Commissioner, General Gouraud, a French bank was established in the country with authority under French Treasury direction to issue paper money which was to become the official currency of Syria. In spite of the vigorous protests of the inhabitants the "Banque de Syrie" issued notes to an extent far in excess of its capital. A serious depreciation naturally took place, and by July 1925 a Syrian piastre was worth only about one half of a Turkish piastre. Resentment has been caused by the loss of wealth resulting from the arbitrary substitution of this fluctuating French currency for a Turkish currency which has remained relatively stable.

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It was at first generally expected that industrial and commercial activities would be stimulated by French occupation of the mandated territory. But disillusionment was not long in coming. "A strange thing it would be," wrote a disappointed French imperialist in 1922, "if after all the Syrian mandate should prove an economic burden rather than an advantage."

As a matter of fact Syria is in the grip of an economic depression of which the people had become acutely conscious even before the recent uprisings aggravated the situation. Early in the year riots took place in Beirut as a result of high rents. In Aleppo the bank reported a few months ago that on a certain day six hundred promissory notes given in payment for goods were unpaid at maturity. This is regarded as an unheard of condition for Aleppo. In the same city the price of flour in July of this year was exactly double the price for July 1924. The ordinary flat round loaf of bread about five inches in diameter now costs a Turkish piastre. Twenty piastres a week is not an uncommon wage for a laborer. Thus one small loaf of bread daily with water *ad libitum* constitutes the diet of the unskilled Aleppo laborer, as it does that of the insubordinate prisoner in western jails. The condition of unskilled laborers is vividly suggested in an incident told by an American resident of Aleppo. A customer made a large purchase in one of the city bazaars last April. Immediately he was surrounded by twenty-eight clamoring "hamals"—the ubiquitous porters of the East, who can be even more vociferous in an Oriental bazaar than taxi-drivers in an Occidental railway station. Five "hamals" were selected, each of them being given a 66-pound load to carry. Glad of employment, they set out without stopping to bargain with their lord. After a steep ten minutes' climb which left them wringing wet, they received every man a penny. And like the laborers in the parable they waxed eloquent—but with as little result. One of them, who had been a generous landlord in the Cilician mountains before the reverses of war overtook him, was trying to support a wife and two children. A single penny—a quarter of a piastre—represented his earnings for the entire forenoon.

Within the last year a great number of people have been thrown out of employment, especially in the weaving industry, where daily earnings of average workers have been cut in half since last March. Almost all branches of industry have been affected by the economic depression. Construction of necessary and productive public works, such as those undertaken in Palestine and Iraq under British supervision, would have done much to relieve unemployment and mitigate popular unrest. But in this respect the French administration has been exceedingly backward.

Yet Syria is a country of great potential wealth. In normal years it has had six thousand square miles of land under cultivation, producing cereals, fruits, tobacco, cotton, hemp and sugarcane. There is room for considerable extension of the cultivated area. Silk manufacture might have been exploited to a much greater degree. The mineral resources of the country have continued to lie buried where they were when the French first entered the country. Deposits of petroleum, lead, copper, antimony, nickel, chrome, phosphates, and gypsum, known to exist in Syria, have not yet been touched, although work begun several years ago in the iron and coal mines of the Lebanon has continued to be carried on under the French occupation.

The economic depression has served to intensify resentment at the political policies of the French. The majority of the inhabitants expected that under League protection their country would be guaranteed unity and autonomy, with a minimum of French advisory control. Certainly such a belief was warranted by Article 22 of the Covenant, by the Allied proclamation of November, 1918, and by President Wilson's various war messages.

IT is the conviction of the majority of Syrians that there is sufficient unity of race, language and custom in the mandated territory to justify its establishment as an undivided state. "The nation has the right to benefit by unity," declares the program of the People's Party, inaugurated last February, "and *no foreign interest is justified in standing between it and this right.*"

But the policy of the French administration has been the time-honored one, *"Divide et impera."* One of the first official acts of the High Commissioner was to divide the mandated territory into several distinct states. At present there are seven of these—the Lebanon, the Alaouite District and Alexandretta along the coast, Aleppo, Damascus and Jebel Druse directly east of these, and Deir-el-Zur farther in the interior. It is true that three of these states—Deir-el-Zur, Aleppo and Damascus—are linked together in a federal system. But Syrians have charged the French authorities with having deliberately attempted to discourage national aspirations by breaking up anti-French sections of the mandated territory while retaining as an undivided unit the Lebanon section where pro-French sentiment predominates.

Much has been made of the religious barriers which in the past have divided the people of Syria and have been the source of notorious bickerings and strife. Fully half of the three million inhabitants of Syria are Moslems of the orthodox Sunnite sect. There are said to be in the country about 400,000 adherents of the secret Alaouite sect and half a million Christians representing an astounding variety of shades of belief. There are also, considerable numbers of Jews and Druses, the latter having adopted a curious blending of doctrines selected from the Christian and Mohammedan faiths. The remainder of the population is made up of small remnants of different religious groups whose very classification would be difficult. Since the war confusion has been worse confounded by a large influx of Armenian (Gregorian) refugees who have settled down to make permanent homes in Aleppo, Damascus and the coast towns.

An interesting phenomenon in Syria has been the gradual wearing down of religious barriers under the steady pressure of French domination. Consciousness of doctrinal differences has been engulfed in the rising tide of nationalism which has swept over eastern Syria and found no check until it reached the Lebanon, where the predominating Catholic and Maronite elements have remained true to their traditional friendship for France. A similar tendency for religious barriers to break down under the stress of unwelcome foreign control has been observed in Palestine where Moslems and Christians, age-old enemies, have united to form the very active Arab-Christian Federation for the purpose of resisting the influx of Jewish immigrants into their country. How far the process of reconciliation has gone in Syria itself was vividly illustrated when, during the bombardement of Damascus, Moslem citizens took upon themselves the duty of protecting (*Continued on page* 318)

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I. Q. 73

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Illustration by Margaret Schloemann

If Matilda was dull—and there can be small doubt of that—what must be said of the "grandfather of four" who cuts so odd a figure with her in this new story by the author of The First of May? I. Q. 73, of course, is a psychologist's shorthand for "a grade of undeveloped intelligence which escapes feeblemindedness, but from which little rational judgment can be expected." The Intelligence Quotient is a numerical expression of the results of standard mental examinations.

EXPERIENCE with Matilda has taught us one lesson, which is this: If you are a poor young girl, not endowed with fortune, with beauty, with good conduct, nor with intelligence, do not ask for any of these gifts, but for one boon, and that alone—a good disposition. Against the reef of a good disposition, provided it is good enough, the tides of accident and misadventure, of criticism and even of good advice beat in vain. They hurl themselves against it only to fall back helpless in a fury of spray and froth. But the good disposition dries quickly in the sunshine and remains as unmoved and unmovable as before.

It is certainly no laughing matter to have three teaspoons, two diamond rings, one pair of silk bloomers, and a new ten-dollar bill found on the person of one to whom they do not rightly belong. It is hardly a matter even to smile about, but Matilda was smiling in her sweetest and most composed manner. She had been asked the usual foolish question—"Why did you take them?"—and had made the answer that she made to most questions, namely, that she did not know. Why does anyone want diamonds, silver teaspoons, and silk bloomers? Why did the woman who owned them want to keep them? And why did she become so unbecomingly red in the face when deprived of them by Matilda? Presumably they both wanted them for the same reason. Matilda snatched them. Her employer snatched them back. Matilda understood her thoroughly and bore her no grudge for doing what she would have done herself if she got the chance. Why could not this understanding be mutual? Matilda's good nature was imperturbable. And her desire for attractive knickknacks which she could not afford was unquenchable. The present difficulty was that she had an extraordinary number of other pretty clothes and ornaments which her employer grudgingly admitted had not been borrowed from her wardrobe, and yet which, by no possible stretching of Matilda's weekly wages, could she have afforded. It was a dismal fact that those in charge of her affairs had been able to make a lightning calculation of her property to know exactly how much of it she could not have paid for, and unhesitatingly they had believed the worst. It takes an excellent temper to face the charges which had rolled up against Matilda, but fortunately for her, she could not be ruffled. To wear a cotton apron with an ink spot on it instead of the georgette dress, velvet coat, flower hat, rhinestone buckles, satin scarf, French gloves, sunburn chiffon hose, cut-work slippers, and swagger stick in which she felt more at home, did cause her some concern. But the spots which all these irritable and dowdy ladies were casting on her reputation elicited only the soothing smile which one gives to cranky babies. The story that Matilda finally told, after every incoherent excuse which her amiable, but not very nimble wits could fabricate, was that the elderly Mr. Stugel, the grandfather of four, the retired wholesale grocer, the impeccable owner of a neat house and garden which she had overlooked from her adjacent kitchen, had taken pity on her penniless state, and had given her an outfit of clothes and general furnishings. Only what he had omitted to give, had she stolen from her employer.

"He saw me crying in my kitchen one night because they were having a dance in the front room," she finally confessed, "and I wasn't invited. We danced in the kitchen, and he said he'd give me some clothes if I'd stop crying—so I did."

"That old man danced with you in the kitchen? Matilda, why will you tell such lies?"

Matilda giggled slightly at the recollection.

"He did. I'm telling ya. You ask *him*."

And so there was nothing to do but to ask Mr. Stugel to call, and answer to the charge of conduct so indiscreet in one of his ripe years. Mr. Stugel appeared promptly in response to our invitation. He had retired from business, had no duties, unlimited leisure, and was grateful for any little episode that would give him some novel way to pass his time. He was a spruce little man, who insisted that he was sixty-nine, though it was hard to believe. He was dressed in a dapper suit with a neck-tie that matched his socks, and had his bald spot in the front concealed by hair carefully brushed from the rear. He entered quickly, mopped his face, and looked like a small boy caught stealing jam.

"She's right. She's right. Darned softy. Always have been. Can't bear to see them cry."

"What's all this about dancing in the kitchen?"

Mr. Stugel's face assumed the same shamefacedly amused expression that had been on Matilda's.

"She's right. There's where we danced. No other place to do it. Going to the garage, heard the dance music. Looked in. Saw them dancing. Heard crying in the kitchen. Looked in. Saw Tilly crying. Can't bear to see

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girls cry. Went in. Said we'd dance too. Could hear the music as well as in the front. She said she couldn't enjoy dancing without clothes. Said I'd get her some. Damned soft head. Always was," and he mopped his brow again.

"But Matilda has so many things—five hundred dollars worth at least. Do you mean to say that you gave all that money to her because you saw her crying?"

"Yes I did. Just that soft. But not all at once. I'm an anomaly," he added, suddenly looking up, as if that explained everything. "I'm going on seventy, but I don't feel it. Can't keep quiet. Like to bum. Play with my grandchildren, but they go to bed. My wife sits and sews. Dozes in her chair. Children go out. I can't sit still. Feel twenty-one. I'm an anomaly. Got in the habit of dropping in the kitchen to see Tilly. She's the same way. Likes to bum. So I said I'd take her out. But she hadn't any clothes. Had to get her some. Little rascal bought everything in sight. Stopped in front of a jewelry store. Wouldn't budge till I got her that watch. Said she'd stick there till she dropped. Both got to laughing. Couldn't stop. Looked like a couple of fools. Bought the watch. Same trick with that velvet coat. Tried them all on. Made me try one on. Laughed till I was sick. Got the coat. Know she makes a fool of me—but pay money to buy tickets to a good laugh. Might as well laugh at Tilly."

After many arguments and a drooping countenance, Mr. Stugel agreed to the dangers of getting Matilda used to the spending of so much more money than she could ever earn.

"I don't want to spend it on her. Damned expensive. But the little monkey makes me laugh or makes me cry. Can't stand either. Old softy. All right if I don't see her. All off if I do. Have a bite?" and suddenly out of his coat tails appeared a large box of fancy bonbons. "Take a piece. Aw—do. Got to spend my money somehow. If I can't spend it on Tilly got to spend it on you. Only my joke. No offense. Just to show there's no hard feeling."

Surely it was hard on any organization to be up against two such hopelessly good dispositions. One might argue, one might scold. One might threaten, and one might even arrest. The coals of fire came back in the shape of smiles and boxes of candy. What defense against such weapons?

IT became necessary to make a call upon Matilda in her next place of employment, which was in a house as far as possible from the Stugel residence. Down the road was parked a car which looked curiously familiar, and as we turned into the drive, the arm of our elderly "anomaly" beckoned to us from the shrubbery. He was not in the least disconcerted to see us. On the contrary, he seemed to feel that none but ourselves were in a position to appreciate what we were about to see. The driveway was torn up and a sewer was being laid by a gang of stalwart Italian laborers. But they were not at this moment laying the sewer. Far from it. To a man, they were turned laughing toward the drawing room, whose windows stood open, and from which issued, in a nasal but sprightly voice, the Wabash Blues. The melody was very much off key, and the accompaniment defies description. But the tones were recognizable as the gay voice of Matilda—of all people to be singing about blues, a malady from which she had never suffered. When despite frantic gesticulations from Mr. Stugel, we edged around to get the view which the sewer gang was getting, we saw Matilda in a neat apron seated by the piano which she had pushed to the window. There she was singing lustily, with the added touch of a silk hat belonging to the owner of the house perched jauntily over one ear. It would be expecting too much of human nature in the persons of pleasure-loving Italians to suppose that they would continue to dig sewers with Matilda in a silk hat trying to amuse them.

In our ear was the excited voice of Mr. Stugel, "Regular chimpanzee, aint she? Ever see the beat? Folks gone for the day. Old Johnson's hat. Seen him in it many a time. Takes Tilly to see what can be done with a hat. Great idea of costume. Real comedian, that girl. Earn a lot of money if she had any sense. Not a scrap," and he tapped his head with a sigh.

By this time the flutter in her audience had made Matilda turn around. She saw the addition to her listeners, and she rushed out to greet us. Was she disturbed? Not at all. It took more than that to disturb Matilda. She asked us all in, including Mr. Stugel. "Dropped around to return your shoes," he said. "Left them at the cobbler. Ought to save your money. You don't need new ones. These are mended. They're all right." He had her mended shoes with him to be sure, but his excuses were rather vague, and he did not dare to linger behind with Tilly when we left, although it was nothing less than cruelty to make him come. We were so much duller company.

"Give you a lift back. Just to show you bear no grudge," he insisted. "Yes, I did take Tilly to a show—damned little monkey. Excuse my French. Didn't she have three girls and their fellows meet us afterwards, and didn't I have to feed the whole crowd, oysters, ginger ale, everything? Such appetites—starved for a week getting ready for that feed, I'll say. Set me back forty bones. But I says to myself—I've paid more than that for my wife's parties, dull as ditch water, stiff as a poker. Why grudge it to a bunch 'a kids? Laughed my head off. Ought to calm down. Too old to laugh so hard. Sure. Come on. No hard feeling. Don't be hard on the old boy."

SOON after this episode Matilda acquired a young man. He was, of all moths to fly into the flame of Matilda's expensive tastes, a Scotchman. It seems that Matilda on her evening out had wandered to a dance hall, and gazed with yearning at the floor to which she had not enough money to buy a ticket. However, lack of money seldom hampered Matila, and she sidled sociably up to a shy blonde young man who was also gazing longingly at the dancers, but not because he had no money. He made a point of having that. He had no girl, and Matilda smilingly offered her services as partner. But Andy could not dance. Matilda would teach him. So not knowing how he got there, Andy was being shoved through fox trot after fox trot, dime after dime went into the ticket box, and to top all, more dimes were spent in getting his dancing teacher home by trolley, for he "came to" enough to refuse steadfastly to be blandished into a taxi. By the curious attraction of opposites Andy continued to be fascinated by the girl who could force him to spend his money, and Matilda admired prodigiously the solid virtues of the young Scotchman, his dazzling stories of the engines which he manipulated, and his general air of respectability, so foreign to the social atmosphere in which she had been brought up.

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We warned them both. We told Andy of Matilda's insatiable thirst for expensive adornment, and that the very chic appearance which he had admired in the dance hall was something he would never want to pay for. In vain we pointed out to them their differences in religion, their ignorance of each other's ways and traditions, and their temperaments, like the poles asunder. Of course Matilda had not the faintest notion of what we were talking about. But although Andy did, he was in love, and that was an end of it.

Meanwhile, old Mr. Stugel was in a fret over the whole affair. He tried to convince us and himself that he was not jealous, but he hated to have his nose broken, none the less. He besieged us, his only confidantes.

"Little monkey—teases me to give her a new dress. You know *me*. Try to keep out of her way. She comes up behind me on the street. Takes me to a store window. Money walks out of my pocket. Says she wants me to take her and a girl friend to a show. Get there—and who is her girl friend? That fool Andy. Too tight to buy his own tickets. Have to be the third. Tilly sits between us, and by gum, she flirts with both! You think Andy is a little tin god on wheels. I see that. But I shan't buy dresses for *his* wife. She's set me back so much I'm ashamed of it. Let him pay her bills. Let her try to squeeze blood from that turnip if she can."

Poor Andy tried his best to stem the tide of Matilda's purchases. He argued. We argued. Even old Mr. Stugel, in his disgust over Andy whom he considered a great bore, made it very plain to Matilda that she had got to live on Andy's wages. No presents from him to a married woman. Matilda merely smiled on, and by hook or crook, which is merely a figure of speech (for as far as we know she was *not* crooked in her earnings), she managed to have the latest which the shops afforded. Once it was by means of a projected trip to New York. "Teased me out of a ticket—cashed it in, and started installments on a mole skin coat," was Mr. Stugel's excuse. Next she developed serious lung trouble, and Mr. Stugel, all anxiety, provided her with money for treatments which she prudently turned in toward her trousseau, coughing only for his benefit when she wanted a payment. In vain these devices were exposed in the presence of the old man. In vain they were explained to Andy. Matilda said nothing. What she thought was—"If he likes to spend his money, let him." Mr. Stugel's excuse was—"I'm the same old simp. Thought she looked so pale, I believed her this time. Just left her rouge off to give me a scare. She's been showing me how she learned that cough. You'd die laughing at the little devil." As for Andy, he had schemes for training her, and unbounded faith in his ability to handle women. The poor moth was too singed to see or listen to anything but his flame. What were we against a siren?

In the meantime Matilda had given up her housework, which had become most distasteful to her, and had taken up a beauty course at Mr. Stugel's expense. She seemed to be unable to learn the finer points of this art, however, and she came in one day, in a new spring costume, armed with a box of perfumes. This was to be an investment with great returns. The scheme, as clearly as she could outline it, was to pay an installment on the case of perfumes (charge to Mr. Stugel for five dollars) and send one half of what she made to Chicago. She was sure that she could find the address of the firm to which she was to send this commission when she looked through her things. But it was temporarily lost. "Swellest business deal I ever heard of," chuckled Mr. Stugel when he was summoned and remonstrated with for this new venture. "Never got more fun out of five dollars. Tilly runs around with her little box. Can't sell a bottle. Uses most of it up on herself. If those Chicago guys ever get a cent out of Tilly, they deserve a leather medal." He was irrepressible.

Something had to be done with such an inveterate promoter of extravagance and bad habits, but what could we do? Matilda and her friends were all acting within the law. After her one venture into larceny, a mere suggestion that she would be obliged to steal again had always brought her elderly friend to terms. And he certainly had as good a right to throw his money away as anyone else. We tried pathos. We sketched the dire future of Tilly, running Andy into hopeless debt, and herself into a situation where the frying pan and the fire would be equally hot. Mr. Stugel, always of a sentimental turn, sighed heavily. He mopped his brow, and sighed again.

"You're right," he moaned. "You ladies are always right. I always tell Tilly that you're right, but I'm a softy and she knows it. If I don't play around with Tilly, what *shall* I do? I'm too active to sit still," and he looked up helplessly like a child whose toy had been snatched away.

The retired grocer often stood on his head for Tilly

IT was too exasperating if Mr. Stugel was to be added to our list of children needing recreation, and with some petulance in our voice we answered, "Why spoil Tilly? If you're so active, why not practise standing on your head?"

"Don't need practice," retorted he, and without another word, our elderly anomaly darted to the middle of the room, placed a book on the floor, leaned over, and stood steadily erect upon his head, his face

(*Continued on page* 320)

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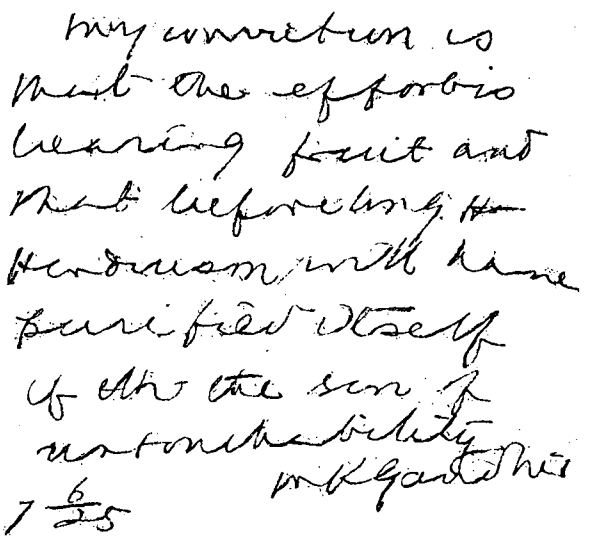
THE MAHATMA SPEAKS TO AMERICA

"Untouchable": by Gandhi

THE movement for the removal of untouchability in India is one of purification of Hinduism—a religion that is professed by nearly two hundred and forty million human beings. It is estimated that over forty million human beings are regarded as untouchables. This untouchability takes in the southern parts of India the extreme form even of unapproachability and invisibility. Untouchability is refraining on the part of the so-called higher classes from touching those who are branded with the stigma of untouchability. Unapproachables are those whose approach within a stipulated distance pollutes the higher classes. The invisibles are those whose very sight defiles.

These outcasts of Hindu society are confined to what may be fitly described as ghettos. They are denied the usual services that in a well-ordered society are regarded as the right of every human being, such for instance as medical aid, the offices of barbers, washermen, etc. This suppression of a large number of human beings has left an indelible mark on the suppressors themselves and the canker of untouchability is eating into the vitals of Hinduism, so much so that it has degraded what was at one time a noble institution. I mean varnashram, falsely or perhaps loosely rendered as caste. What was meant to be a scientific division of labor and occupation has become an elaborate system regulating inter-dining and intermarriage. One of the noblest religions on earth has been reduced to a farcical code of dining and marriage rules.

Why then do I cling to a religion which tolerates such a curse? For the simple reason that I do not regard it as an integral part of Hinduism which is described as the religion par excellence of truth and non-violence or love. I have tried to understand the Hindu scriptures, some in the originals, the rest through translations. I have tried in my humble way to live up to the teachings of that religion. After having studied Christianity, Islam and other great faiths of the world, I have found in Hinduism my highest comfort. I have not found any to be perfect. I have discovered superstition and error in the practice of all these faiths. It is enough therefore for me that I do not believe in untouchability. I can certainly find no warrant in the Hindu scriptures for the belief that a single person becomes untouchable by reason of his birth in a particular family or clan. But if I must call myself a Hindu, as I do, I owe it to my faith as I owe it to my country to fight the evil of untouchability with my whole soul, counting no cost too much for achieving the reform.



Gandhi's signature and the concluding paragraph of his message are here reproduced in the script in which he sent it to The Survey

Let not the reader imagine that I am the only reformer. There are hundreds of educated Indians, who take pride in calling themselves Hindus, fighting the evil with all their might. It is the accepted creed of the enlightened Hindus that Swaraj is unattainable without the removal of the curse.

The way we are combatting the sin is to demonstrate to the so-called higher classes the enormity of the wrong, and passing resolutions at mass meetings condemning the practice. The Congress has made the reform an integral part of its program. The reformers seek also to improve the condition of the suppressed classes by opening schools for their children, digging wells for them, pointing out to them the bad habits they have contracted, through the criminal neglect of the higher classes, and so forth. Whenever it is found necessary as at Viakam even the direct method of Satyagrah is being adopted. In no case is violence offered to blind orthodoxy but an attempt is being made to win them over by patient argument and loving service. The reformers suffer for their cause without imposing suffering on their opponents.

My conviction is that the effort is bearing fruit and that before long Hinduism will have purified itself of the sin of untouchability.

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New Water in Old Skins

The Spirit of Change in the Age-Old Villages of India

By H. A. POPLEY

THE *bheesti* or water carrier is a common sight throughout North India. Under his arm he carries a water-skin, from the mouth of which he pours a stream of water on to the garden shrubs, or on the dusty streets or into someone's drinking vessel. In olden days he took the water from a nearby well or tank, probably very dirty, but today the water usually comes from a reservoir through a modern filter plant to pipes made in Birmingham.

The *bheesti* of today is outwardly very much the same as the *bheesti* of one thousand years ago, and so is his water-skin. Some of the flowering shrubs are new. The roads he waters go around modern buildings and those who employ him are often Sahibs from the West. The water he uses has passed through many elaborate and costly processes to make it technically pure for drinking purposes. Much of the setting is old but the contents are new. Even the *bheesti* himself will be thinking of new things. Perhaps he was with the Indian forces in France, Palestine or Mesopotamia, and his talk is not simply of his village life and the troubles of his mother-in-law, but of far-away countries. There is a spirit of dissatisfaction in the air and he, like many others, looks longingly to the big industrial centers where he hears large wages can be earned and many unknown pleasures enjoyed. New water has flowed into the old water-skins of India and the simple village peasant, as he goes about his accustomed work, is thinking new thoughts and seeing new visions which take him far away from his ancestral fields.

THIS change in attitude was visualized in a startling way during the rise of the non-Brahmin movement in South India in the years 1910-1913. The traditional attitude of the Indian peasant toward all political matters had been one of detachment. For years the educated lawyer, merchant or teacher had been the mainstay of the Congress movement and had dominated the political thought of the Indian people. The National Congress was almost entirely composed of the intelligentzia and no one had ever thought of appealing to the masses in the villages. But when Dr. Nair started the non-Brahmin movement to counteract the dominance of the Brahmins in political life and as an assertion of the right of the preponderating middle classes to a proper share in the determination and carrying out of political programs, he transferred the fight from the city to the village and for the first time the Indian middle-class farmer became a dominating figure in the political landscape of South India. No one could have watched the rise of the village political conferences in those years, when India was slowly making its way into a political democracy, without realizing something of the new water that was flowing into the old village life of India.

A figurine of the bheesti

For the first time political conventions were held in rural centers and conducted in the vernacular and thousands of middle-class farmers, clad in simple *dhoti* and shoulder-cloth, mingled with the English-educated professional men and discussed the needs of the state from the view point of the village. They would come in from miles around in slow ancient creaking bullock carts or on shank's mare to attend these conferences, which soon came to include an inter-caste dinner. A political revolution was in progress and the venue of the political fight had been transferred from the city to the village. A number of new vernacular papers were started to spread the message of the party to every village and soon every fair-sized village in South India had its own political organization with the watchword "political power for the rural middle classes."

From the beginning it was inevitable that the fifth caste —the outcaste group—should be drawn in, and members of this group were astonished to find that they were invited to attend these conferences with their former masters and even to eat with them occasionally in a common meal.

The leaders of the orthodox Congress party were not slow to perceive the way things were going and set themselves to carry their propaganda also into the village and for the first time to use the vernacular for political work—a very difficult task for many.

My talks with villagers in the early days showed how far political consciousness had developed in the village life and convinced me that no longer would the peasants of India be indifferent to the personalities and ideas of their governors. This was new water with "pep" in it. Outwardly the old village life was unchanged. The same lack of sanitation, the same primitive agricultural tools and methods, the same village worship—but the path into a new world had been cleared and a new vision had dawned on the consciousness of the people.

WHEN Mahatma Gandhi started his movement for *Satyagrah,* or non-violent non-cooperation with the government, his unerring eye for political realities

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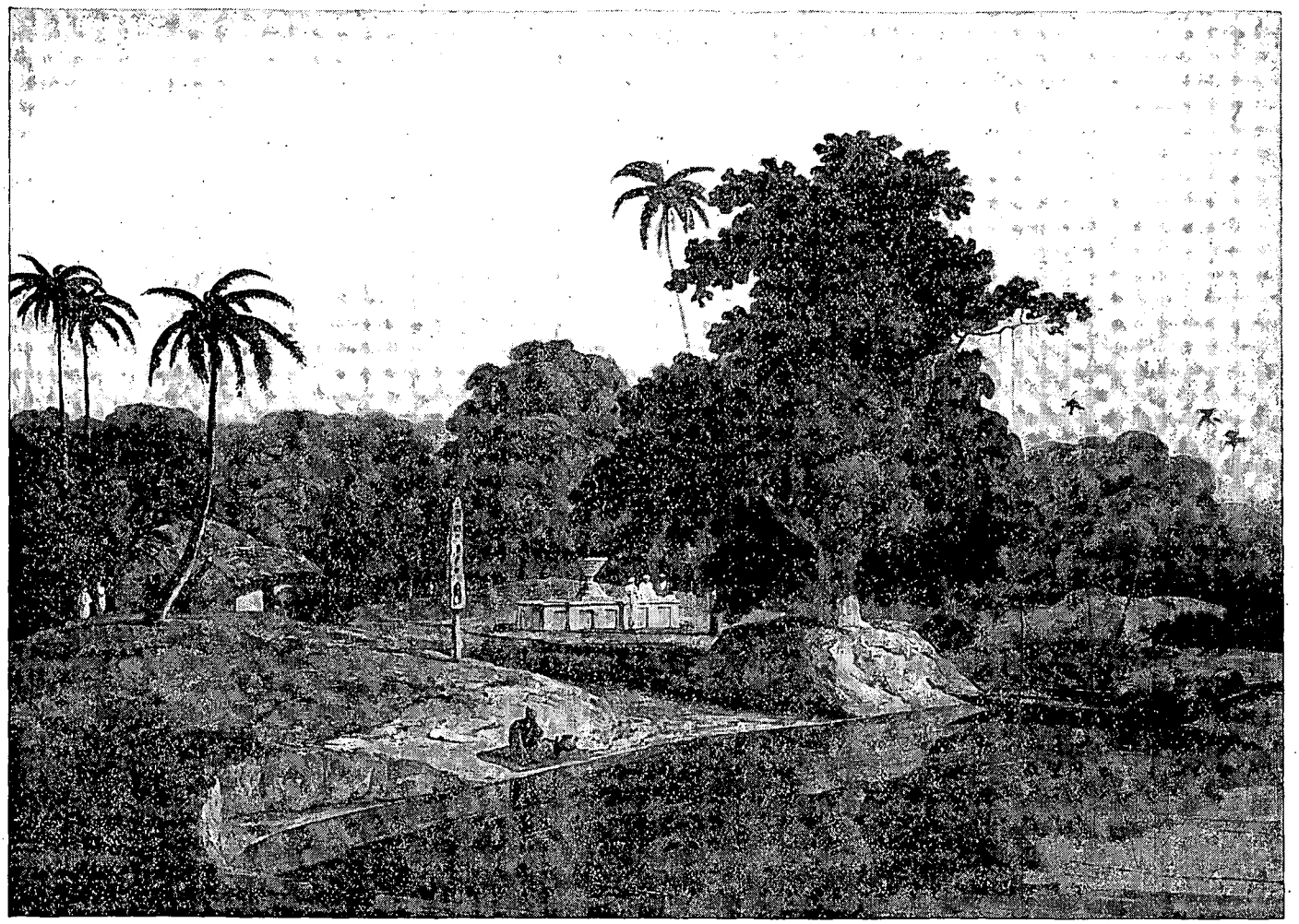

Drawn and engraved by Thomas and William Daniell

On the river Hoogly

soon saw that the key to the situation lay in the village. From the start therefore he set himself to rouse the political consciousness of the rural population and to organize them into a disciplined body for political action, as he had already done with the ignorant coolies on the sugar estates of Natal. His personality captured the rural masses and they flocked to his meetings in thousands and hundreds of thousands. The *charka*—spinning wheel—was put forward to appeal to their distinctive need and imagination, as well as to strike at the piece-goods trade of Manchester. The peasant was now organized to do something for the political development of his country, to spin thread which would be passed on to the weavers and made into cloth to be sold in the large towns to the new users of *Khaddar*. He was part and parcel of a great political machine and realized his position as a producer in a national effort.

Suddenly there loomed into his consciousness the idea of nationality and he said "I am an Indian", not merely a Punjabi or a Bengali or a Tamil or a Moslem or a Hindu. While many of the cultural and religious forces which promote nationality had been influencing India for centuries and had been creating a suitable soil for the idea of nationality to grow, it had not yet become a realized conception in the villages, nor had it exercised much influence in communal life. The sufferings of fellow-Indians in Natal had helped to bring it into the consciousness of India as a whole; these poor coolies had been thought and spoken of by their countrymen not as Tamils or Telugus but as "Indians," fellow-citizens whom they as Indians must support. The Great War served to emphasize this idea of nationality. In reply to questions in France, East Africa and Mesopotamia men would say "I am an Indian," forgetting their local status for the time being, and the habit came back with them into the villages when they returned from the War. Mahatma Gandhi's agitation for *swaraj* crystalized this idea still further so that, in spite of communal jealousies which have sometimes seemed more bitter than ever in these last few years, the idea of Indian nationality has taken firm root in the village farmer and artisan.

THIS has led to another remarkable inpouring of new water into the old skins of village life. Caste and untouchability seemed rooted in the village life of India. There was hope that in the towns at least the rigors of the caste system might be modified; this was actually taking place. But everything seemed to be the same in the villages. The outcaste still had to stand outside the hospital and the post-office and wait there until he could be attended to. The village school was still taboo to him and he could find education for his children only in a special school for outcastes. Then Mahatma Gandhi launched his movement for the removal of untouchability as an essential preparation for *swaraj*. The whole situation rapidly changed and everywhere the white-capped followers of the Mahatma became the apostles of a new idea of brotherhood.

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As an example of the changing mentality of the new villager I may give an illustration which could be matched by hundreds of others. A train was about to pull out of a station when a young fellow, manifestly, by his garb and dirt, of the outcaste community, tried to open the door of a compartment and enter. The compartment was occupied by a group of middle-class farmers simply dressed, a cloth around the loins and another thrown over dark brown shoulders. Some of them, true to their high-caste exclusiveness, refused to let him come in. Then one said "Stop, we cannot do that now. This is the day of Mahatma Gandhi. This man is our brother. Let him in." A simple incident, but telling its own tale and showing how far the ideals of Mahatma Gandhi have penetrated beneath the crust of Indian village life, baked hard by a thousand summers of consecrated custom. "New wine into old bottles"—but will not the old bottles burst?

IT is not however only in the political and social spheres that changes are taking place. These are dramatic and evident to most observers. But the economic changes are none the less remarkable though perhaps not so patent. Except in the fabled days of Rama, India has always been a land of the predominantly poor. Estimates made in recent years compute the average annual income of the Indian villager as between twenty and thirty dollars, a pittance even for his low standard of living. It is reckoned that 30 per cent of the people of India live below the subsistence line for at least six months of the year and 20 per cent have insufficient food practically the whole year round. A recent estimate in Madras City of the monthly income required to support a family of husband and wife and three children showed an absolute minimum of eight dollars including house rent; yet it is reckoned that at least half of the population of Madras is earning less than this, the average being about six dollars a month. How then do people live? They do not live; they simply exist in a more or less animal fashion, and epidemics sweep them away by the thousands because of their weak physique.

While the average monthly income in the village is lower, every family owns its own house and living conditions are freer. But the prevalence of famine or the coming of floods often upsets their whole economic life. Money rates for loans are high, usually from 15 to 100 per cent, and as the villager must borrow for cultivation expenses and for such occasions as marriages, he has long hesitated to risk his small capital in any gamble on untried methods. The result was that village agriculture in the year A. D. 1910 was very similar to the agriculture of A. D. 110 and the money-lender ruled supreme. An extended famine meant the death of thousands and the impoverishment of millions.

Now the new water of cooperative credit, poured into village life, has effected a most remarkable change. From this the peasant proprietor has benefited more than anyone else. The leaders of the village community come together to discuss the needs of all. Any man who is of good character and who has a regular earning capacity can borrow money at easy rates now to improve his holding. Under the influence of itinerant inspectors modern ploughs and modern agricultural methods are coming in. Large tracts of country are now producing Cambodia cotton of long staple as against the short-stapled variety of the forefathers. Single transplantation of rice seedlings is taking place in hundreds of villages. The fly shuttle is being used in thousands of looms. Thousands of acres have been redeemed from the grip of the money-lender and are yielding their return to the actual cultivator. The Cooperative Society is introducing rural sanitation and dispensaries, reading rooms and social centers into village life.

A vision of the possibilities of cooperation has dawned upon the Indian villager. The empire of the money-lender is breaking up, though he still rules over thousands of acres. The villager is beginning to realize the possibility of winning, by united effort, independence of physical conditions, and a new and subtler spirit of *swaraj* is coming into play.

The year 1918 witnessed a great famine in foodstuffs in South India. Prices rose to an unprecedented height and all industries were depressed. Burma alone had a good crop, but if this was put on the market in the ordinary way it would simply mean an immense profit to the middleman. It was at once seen what a great asset cooperative societies were in such a crisis. Arrangements were made with a few leading firms in Madras to import raw Burma rice and supply it to cooperative societies all over the country at just a little over cost price. These societies sold to their members at the price they themselves paid. The cooperative financing banks in Madras paid over to the firms the purchase price of the rice and simply debited the amounts against the various societies which recovered them at convenient times from the actual purchasers. The very poor shared in this distribution with the rich. The only thing required was a standing in the local cooperative society. The country was saved. Each man realized the value of independence and the members of the societies got a new vision of the economic possibilities of the movement. New water, with a vengeance. No longer is the peasant utterly at the mercy of the terrible economic forces of India. The Indian villager has seen a great light.

The figures for the Punjab alone illuminate the progress that has been made and the possibilities of the movement. In the two years 1922-23, 10,300 acres of land were redeemed from the money lender, and 5,400 acres purchased outright by landless laborers or poor tenants. Nine thousand members of these societies were freed from their bondage to the money-lender and an amount of $800,000 was paid off. In 126 villages, holdings scattered in small plots at distances of from one to four miles were consolidated and so transferred from an uneconomic burden into a productive property. In a group of six villages in the Jalna District peasant proprietors, by combining and selling their cotton jointly to the merchants of Bombay, received for their produce $8,000 instead of $700 as formerly.

In many other directions the villager is gradually working towards a higher economic status, but when it is remembered that there are altogether 750,000 villages in India and only 60,000 cooperative societies, some of them grouped in the big towns, the extent of the need for further effort will be clearly realized.

IN education too a transformation is taking place. Until recent years the village had remained almost untouched by modern education. The so-called *pial* school, the ordinary type found in the village, usually met on the veranda of the teacher's house. The teacher was a kind of village employe and received certain perquisites, largely in the form of grain at harvest time and special money gifts at festivals. The children were taught (*Continued on page* 326)

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Eyes of the Needles

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

This is the story of a Cinderella among the crafts: of millions of Jewish garment workers who learned by counsel together to stitch self-respect and health and industrial justice into the coats and skirts and camisoles on which they labored; of a fire and a prophet and a bit of printed cloth that have helped to revolutionize an industry.

FIFTEEN years ago the needle trades of New York, and more especially that great section of them which is devoted to the production of women's wear, were the target of all social reformers from the most radical to the most conservative. They were par excellence the industry of sweat shops, low wages, seasonal production, lockouts, strikes, tuberculosis, fire hazards. They made the East Side notorious as a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta, where immigrants were exploited, where women and children were crushed under impossible burdens—where above all communicable disease found a base from which it could spread—disguised in silks, woolens, satins and lace—from the tenement homes of the workers to the wardrobes of the farmers' wives and the homes of doctors, lawyers, merchants, financiers. They became a challenge to the racial pride and godly self-esteem of the Jewish people who dominated them.

Few great strikes have engaged the interest of so wide a public as that of the cloak and suit makers in 1910, which has gone down in the epic of the garment trades as the Great Revolt. The spiritual awakening produced by that dramatic episode gave to the intellectual and moral leaders of the Jewish community an opportunity for statesmanship of which they eagerly avail themselves. Through the efforts of Louis D. Brandeis, Abraham Cahan, Louis Marshall, Meyer London, A. Lincoln Filene, Meyer Bloomfield, Henry Moskowitz, Julius Henry Cohen and many others, including trade union leaders and leading manufacturers, the Revolt was made the foundation of the Protocol of Perpetual Peace.

The Protocol has long since gone the way of other Holy Alliances whose ideals reached beyond the actual human capacity for pragmatic justice, charity and wisdom. But it permanently raised the moral and economic standards of the industry; and it planted the seed of institutions that have grown into trees whose fruit is sweet and whose shade is a refuge from the heat of industrial conflict.

Possibly the noblest of these is the Joint Board of Sanitary Control which this year celebrates the fifteenth anniversary of its uninterrupted and increasingly effective service to the workers, the garment manufacturers and the whole community of consumers not in New York only but throughout the nation. Article XV of the protocol provided that:

Dr. George M. Price

> The parties hereby establish a Joint Board of Sanitary Control, to consist of seven (7) members, composed of two (2) nominees of the manufacturers, two (2) nominees of the unions, and three (3) who are to represent the public.
> Said Board is empowered to establish standards of sanitary conditions, to which the manufacturers and the unions shall be committed, and the manufacturers and unions obligate themselves to maintain such standards to the best of their ability to the full extent of their power.

From the beginning the public representatives on the Board were Lillian D. Wald, William Jay Schieffelin and Henry Moskowitz; and from the beginning too—a very remarkable fact in an industry in which manufacturers' associations have formed and disintegrated, the union has repeatedly changed its leadership, and expert advisors, economic and legal, have had their day of glory only to follow the waning gibbous moon into outer darkness—continuously from the beginning Dr. George M. Price, who gave up for this service a promising career as a medical practitioner, has been in executive charge of the work of the Board.

With rare intuition into the inferiority complex—or the Jehovah complex, if the initiate prefer—of a people for whom the very existence of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control must sometimes have seemed a public confession of sin, Dr. Price won the cooperation of distinguished sanitarians and more especially of governmental departments, such as the State Department of Labor and the United

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States Public Health Service, in surveying the work shops, devising practical standards, formulating a program of education. To have university men and public officials accept as marks of honor such opportunities for sympathetic cooperation with "sweat shop" employers and wage-working "foreigners" was a balm to wounded sensibilities.

One of Dr. Price's first investigations dealt with fire hazards. He found that there were 63 buildings without fire escapes, 236 with no drop ladders, 150 with obstructed exits. On the basis of his findings, the Joint Board called upon the mayor of the city, and the heads of the building, police and fire departments, to concern themselves with these fire traps. The public officials moved haltingly; many manufacturers rebelled at the cost of remodeling buildings they did not own—buildings that belonged often enough to church corporations, estates of the city's elite. Then came the fire in the Asch Building in which 146 girls, employes of the Triangle factory, were burned behind locked doors, mangled as in terror they leaped from high window ledges to the street. Dr. Price's evidence put the thrust of facts behind the emotional protest of the community against this disaster and helped so to crystallize public opinion that Governor Dix appointed the New York Factory Investigating Commission which drafted and procured the enactment of one of the most enlightened of our state factory codes.

With this start, Dr. Price might have used the whip hand and with the help of strikes—which the Joint Board sometimes encouraged to enforce its recommendations—might have made himself a scourge to the reluctant and disobedient. In the long run such coercive tactics would have defeated their own ends, might have destroyed his usefulness, might have sent him the way of other too officious experts. Sensing the advantages of his position as the servant of both sides, employers as well as workers, he steadily refused to adopt police methods, sleuthing and arbitrary penalizing, and held to open investigations, persuasion and education. The clothing industry ceased to be a sweatshop industry. Indeed, for a time there was a rapid emergence of extraordinary beautiful and well-equipped work shops. But it costs little to open a small clothing factory; in a trade so seasonal as this, when the normal expectation is eighteen weeks of idleness in the year, the overhead burden upon large costly factories is heavy. Many of these modern establishments were abandoned or converted into showrooms, while their owners ceased to be manufacturers—became jobbers and clothing brokers instead, leaving the work of actual production to a swarm of sub-contractors. The so-called social shop, a euphemism for sweat-shop, has reappeared in great numbers, especially in the suburban areas where the hold of the union is frail. For years business has been bad in the industry, and for all the good work of Dr. Price and the Joint Board, the problem of maintaining sanitary and safety standards has again become exigent. Thousands of small manufacturers have slipped out of the employers' association and the minor agreement and so out from under the voluntarily created jurisdiction of the Joint Board.

These same adverse market conditions have dealt a heavy blow to the union as well. Changes in styles so drastic that it is now possible for one worker to make garments that formerly required two or three; the disappearance of the shirt waist; the substitution of simple, straight frocks for elaborate dresses; the passing of frills and furbelows in underwear to a point where one now hears women say—"We wear three undergarments, two of them stockings"—all this has placed an enormous load of unemployment on the union. Not only is the labor market overcrowded, but this very overcrowding and the resulting fierce competition for work have bred dissatisfaction, factionalism and incipient revolt in the union ranks. Its dues-paying membership has declined. In the New York market where at one period the union's sway was practically all-inclusive, there are now said to be more than a thousand non-union shops.

But in spite of all this, the union has remained militantly loyal to the ideals inherent in the constitution of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control. It continues to carry its full share of the cost of the Joint Board's work in the factories. At the same time it has lavished tens of thousands of dollars upon its health center which, under Dr. Price's direction, is providing at cost every advantage of modern hygienic, medical and dental science to its members and their families. This promotion of preventive and educational health work among its members can make no claim upon the manufacturers' treasuries. The union prefers to keep it under its own direct control. Five years ago at a cost of ninety thousand dollars it bought a building in which to house its health center and equipped it, again under Dr. Price's direction, with the best possible devices for medical examination and diagnosis, from dark rooms for opthalmic tests and a laboratory for urinalysis and bacterial microscopy to X-ray machines and quartz lamps for the treatment of incipient tuberculosis.

This unique Union Health Center has the spotless cleanliness, the efficient arrangement, the comfortable comforting atmosphere of the best sanitoria. All workers must submit to a general medical examination as a condition of admittance to the union and the cost of this first examination is covered out of their union initiation payments. Special examinations and certain treatments are given at cost, probably half the cost of a usual doctor's fee. Where the examination indicates complications requiring the diagnosis of specialists, or where the indicated treatment exceeds the facilities of the center, the workers are directed to outside specialists of high repute. This health information service provided to the members of the union and their families is Dr. Price's special pride. Its protection of the workers against quacks and charlatans and its educational value are inestimable. The card index of the Center shows that more than sixty-six thousand members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union have received thorough medical examination and advice. The demand for the services of the Center's dental division ran so far beyond its initial equipment that the union has now opened a special

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Smoke of Peace Pipes

By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

THE leaves this autumn in Europe have taken on an added splendor, and after their mad display are falling with something of a different dignity. For this, you realize, is a very special autumn. After more years than a body cares to count, the Big Chiefs lit their long peace pipes all in one camp, smoked in one and the same circle. Only good seemed to come of it. By the time the leaves bud again next spring we'll be knowing for more of a certainty just how much.

First there was September in Geneva; there was October in Locarno; and hovering over both meeting places one and the same spirit—the spirit of the League of Nations in general and of the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes in particular.

SEPTEMBER in Geneva—O . . . ! Perhaps three years of headquarters in Geneva, three League of Nations Assemblies, should disqualify a person from writing about September in Geneva. One becomes steeped in internationalism, imbued with the usefulness and necessity of the League. At the same time a three-year veteran can see shortcomings, appreciate difficulties. The first year one believed miracles possible; the second year one saw a miracle take place; the third year one realizes a bit what can and cannot be done in the world of 1925. A comfortable sophistication settles over the heart, and part and parcel of that sophistication is the total acceptance, sans flurry, sans cheers, sans tears, of the League of Nations.

Probably no one in the world has ever lived through such a stirring collective international experience as the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations in September 1924. Internationalism is not given to reaching great heights—there are too many sandbags. In 1924 we soared—high enough to look down away in the distance upon a world where there would be no more aggressive wars, where nations, finally secure, could finally disarm. That was the miracle of 1924, the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes. In March 1925 the new Conservative government of Great Britain brought us down with a bang—she would have none of the Protocol. Because of this and that. Nations rationalize as well as individuals. Why bother to give reasons? "We just didn't want to!" is as good as bringing in the Dominions, the United States, the British navy, and finally the Anglo-Saxon temperament. It was perhaps something and nothing of everything.

So it was that in September, 1925, the Sixth Assembly had its feet on low ground and on the whole very much kept them there. Which bothered many souls who are bored unless they are dizzy. The twelve months between September 1924 and September 1925 showed that there was a great stretch of lowland to traverse, boggy, foggy, rocky, before we get within shouting distance of that land where the Lord may allow all of us to lie down in green pastures and have our war-freed souls restored. Yet the fact of the Protocol stands. No one dare prophesy what can be accomplished. No one ahead of time would have believed the Protocol and the spirit of September 1924 possible of conception.

The reason the Protocol failed and the reason why the League of Nations cannot deliver thrills every September is at bottom the fault of no one country or group of countries. The fact is that in 1925 there is as yet precious little real internationalism in the world—not enough in the United States even to have us take our place alongside other nations to see what can be accomplished to help make the world more livable. We haven't enough internationalism even to come in, yet we stand around three thousand miles away shaking our heads dubiously because nations with more internationalism than we, more desire to work together for the common good than we, still haven't enough internationalism, enough desire, to produce anything but on the whole minor results. And when once in a blue moon they do produce a major result, the world shows that it is not ready for pacific settlements, at least on a big scale. The fact of the matter is, not only was the world not ready for the Protocol; it isn't ready for the League of Nations. But the very fact that the world wasn't ready, isn't ready, and for some time won't be ready is the main reason to thank God for the existence of the League of Nations. Were nations willing and eager and competent to work together for the common good—presto, Utopia! and the United States there at the feast! The League is concrete functioning internationalism, a bit more efficient than Mother Earth seems entirely able to digest to date. Give it time. Remember the terrible state she was in from chronic acute indigestion, she continually broke out in the most terrible rashes.

WHY keep harping on September 1924 and the Protocol a-borning when we are discussing September 1925 and the Protocol dead? Say rather, the Protocol reported dead or missing until September 1925. For from Painlevé's opening speech as provisional president of the Sixth Assembly to President Dandurand's closing address three weeks later, there stood that Protocol on the rostrum, in committee rooms, over lunch and dinner tables. "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." Or to quote Paul Boncour rather than Mark Twain, "The time has not yet come, then, for us to fling over the Protocol that gold and purple pall beneath which the dead gods sleep." No one could or would let it alone. Of the twenty-eight nations who addressed the Assembly during the first twelve plenary sessions of the Assembly only six failed to discuss the Protocol. Now the outstanding feature of that document created by the Fifth Assembly a year ago, was that it embodied for the first time three inseparable factors of peace in this order: arbitration, security, disarmament. The Sixth Assembly showed us in September that this is a trilogy with which the world must henceforth reckon. The Scandinavian countries laid special stress on compulsory

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arbitration; Norway, Holland, Hungary, Spain emphasized disarmament; but it was plain to see that the world by and large accepted the three basic principles as interlocked, and the order as unalterable—arbitration, security, disarmament. Only Great Britain raised any even mild objection in her pained search for justifications; she felt perhaps that arbitration should be "not the foundation but the final coping stone." And Italy—Italy was the one nation to call us back to the days of auld lang syne: war has its glories, lest we forget. Italy is not one to prove faithless to her agelong bedfellow, let the rest of the world abuse war as they will.

WITH the Protocol ubiquitous but spectral, what was to be done with its insistent spirit? In the main it was drawn in from the four corners of the earth, where its general principles were to have covered black and white and yellow, great and small, new and old, under the one mantle of peace and was sluiced into the worn idea of many regional agreements—worn yet fresh, so we were assured, fresh in the spirit of the Protocol. There was much heard of the Anglo-Saxon preference for working from the particular to the general, applied to the question of treaties, as against the Latin love of moving from the general to the particular. Painlevé said in his opening speech that Anglo-Saxons preferred the particular and Anglo-Saxons then said that they preferred the particular, and then everybody else said that Anglo-Saxons preferred the particular, and Painlevé and the Anglo-Saxons and everybody else said that France or the Latin mind preferred the general and there you were—faced with a great truth like gravitation or evolution. What doesn't one hear during a month in Geneva about the Anglo-Saxon versus the Latin mind! This September one had a vision of the French Paul Boncour and the English Lord Robert Cecil holding high their hands—Cecil not so high since he has all but twice the reach of Paul Boncour—in a game of "London Bridge is Falling Down" and drawing off each delegate and whispering "Which do you possess, a particular Anglo-Saxon mind or a general Latin mind?" And trailing along behind Lord Cecil with Anglo-Saxon particular minds seemed to range Japan and Italy, and trailing behind Paul Boncour evidently possessed of general Latin minds (though some admitted that since the general had failed of adoption circumstances forced them less willingly into the particular, and not that they were born that way)—along behind the Frenchman trailed Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Poland, Colombia, Belgium, Spain, Hungary, Finland, Greece, to mention but a few Latins. Another drawback to the nicety and comfort of the theory—though without it as a basis of argument, goodness knows what England would have fallen back upon—was that in 1922 tables were exactly turned and the Anglo-Saxon mind which God created to be happy with nothing but the particular was arguing in the person of Lord Robert Cecil for a general as against regional treaties; and the Latin mind, now accepted as ever having worked from the general to the particular, was arguing in the person of M. de Jouvenel for regional as against general treaties.

And of course all during September, hovering ever above the Assembly, often referred to directly and indirectly, was the coming Security Pact on which, the Protocol having been discarded by Great Britain, all Europe was waiting. The spirit of the Protocol and the Covenant of the League would preside over all the deliberations in Locarno, we were assured. Paul Boncour, unwilling to relinquish the Protocol, took momentary hope in his suggestion:

> The League should at any rate exert every means in its power to increase the number of these agreements, at the same time taking care to see that they are in accord with the essential principles of the Covenant and Protocol. [But Beneš answered him next day] I am all in favor of a practical policy, but I foresee that it will be long before the slow and gradual evolution of regional agreements brings us final success. There is strong reason to suppose that many a year will pass before we possess a Protocol, or anything resembling it, which will give security to the whole world.

The Protocol was the great feature of the Fifth Assembly.

The vitality of the Protocol spirit was the outstanding fact of the Sixth Assembly.

The new and constructive contribution of the Sixth Assembly was the resolution leading toward an International Economic Conference.

A SITUATION to be recorded is that with this year's Assembly the moral leadership of the League of Nations passed at least for the time being from Great Britain to France. After four years of Europe and forty on earth I possess my share of scepticism as to the amount of pure idealism behind any nation's moral leadership. Accidents of politics make now one set of nationalistic aims, now another set nearer the greatest good for the greatest number. Certainly since the Tory Government has had control in England her policies have tended to alienate liberal opinion every place. Great Britain's Sixth Assembly tactics, obstructionist on almost every issue, were the despair of those who had watched her in past years lead the League ever forward. "Until recently," writes the Saturday Review, "Italy was looked upon as the most reactionary country in Europe. Since the last League Assembly, rightly or wrongly, the majority of nations have allotted that post of little honor to Great Britain." Nothing could better illustrate this shift in world position than Chamberlain addressing the League Assembly this year as against MacDonald in 1924. Chamberlain, his voice, his words, his monocle, his general personality, brought on the Swiss winter three months early. One hurried home to shake out mothballs and sink frozen and discouraged into last year's furs. MacDonald made you feel like putting a rose in your buttonhole and whistling down the world he was sure to make better. That last British election did nothing to warm the hearts of Europe—and the sun out so little at best!

As to Loucheur's economic resolution, around which much of the most interesting discussions of the Sixth Assembly waged—it can mean nothing and everything. Either the nations of the world, the United States included, want peace badly enough to sacrifice hallowed traditions for it or they don't. They didn't want it badly enough to accept the Protocol. Yet if taken in good faith, Loucheur's resolution would go deeper into the holy of holies than the Protocol, for economics was publicly and internationally accepted as the very foundation upon which wars are built. So it must be the foundation upon which peace must be built. Again Great Britain hemmed and hawed. As Loucheur gayly pointed out in committee discussion, England with her coal mess ought to welcome an investigation to show just where the industrial difficulties of the world lie and what could be done about them. Certainly coal is

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no purely national matter! At least the Assembly passed unanimously a resolution calling upon the Council to consider constituting a preparatory committee which with the technical organizations of the League and the International Labor Office would prepare for an international economic conference. To such innocuousness did Great Britain succeed in reducing the original resolution. There was certainly a very healthy airing of the need of international consideration of the present world economic situation.

AS always the commissions were the scene of most League activity during September. They often discourage Americans in search of thrills. Why can't the representatives of thirty nations drawn from the four corners of the earth about one table—a Persian prince with his black high fez, a Dutch advocat, a Hungarian statesman, a Brazilian minister, an English duchess, an Indian potentate in a pale lavender turban, a Haitian engineer, a Norwegian explorer and so on (if not exactly that combination then something like it) why can't the thirty decide definitely and within an hour and with a flourish what the government of each and sundry will care to or can do in the matter of opium, slavery, public health, Armenian refugees, minorities, education, communication and transit, disarmament, child welfare, international municipal cooperation? If there are those who are discouraged because internationalism gets on with such a snaillike pace, there are others who take it equally amiss that in five hundred thousand years people haven't learned to say what they have to say in one third the number of words. To hear an American congressman (I return often to American congressman—they flit into and out of Geneva with such amazing notions in their heads) discuss the activities of league commissions you would draw the conclusion that in Washington, D. C., U. S. A., no one was ever known to utter a superfluous word and action follows *pari passu,* hot on the heels of every political utterance. Maybe it is so.

The first and third commissions were responsible for the resolution adopted unanimously by the Assembly which in its mild way keeps alive something of the spirit of the Protocol:

> . . . Declaring afresh that a war of aggression should be regarded as an international crime: regards favorably . . . arbitration conventions and treaties of mutual security conceived in the spirit of the Covenant . . . and in harmony with the principles of the Protocol . . .; records the fact that such agreements need not be restricted to a limited area but may be applied to the whole world . . .; undertakes again to work for the establishment of peace by the sure method of arbitration, security and disarmament; and, . . . requests the council to make a preparatory study with a view to a conference for the reduction and limitation of armaments in order that, as soon as satisfactory conditions have been assured from the point of view of general security . . . the said conference may be convened and a general reduction and limitation of armaments may be realized.

The second commission had on its agenda such varied topics as educating the youth of all countries in the ideals of world peace, the financial reconstruction of Austria and Hungary, a report of the work of the organization for communications and transit, the proposed resolution looking toward an economic conference. In the report on intellectual cooperation a statement was given by M. Luchaire on the work of the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation for which the Fifth Assembly had accepted from France quarters in Paris and a million francs a year. The governing body of the Institute is composed of members of the committee of intellectual cooperation working under the League. The staff of the Institute consists of M. Luchaire as director and seven chiefs of section: general affairs, the chief an Englishman; university affairs, the chief a Pole; bibliography and scientific relations, the chief a German; legal section, under a Spaniard; a section for literary relations under a Chilian woman; artistic relations under a Belgian; information, a section under an Italian. One of the interesting questions with which the section for general affairs intends to deal is the preparation of youth for international careers. The institute hoped also to deal with the question of an international loan for the intellectual restoration of science in countries which had suffered in the war and whose budgets were exhausted by their most pressing needs.

THE report of the second commission on the work of the health organization of the League contained encouraging information. Progress in coordination and cooperation was shown in the fact that in connection with the epidemiological intelligence service the governments of several countries on the Mediterranean and Black Sea notify Geneva by telegraph at their own expense of the appearance of plague or cholera cases in any of their ports. Thanks to the Rockefeller Foundation an epidemiological intelligence bureau had been set up at Singapore, with such success that the French delegation proposed the establishment of a similar bureau on the West Coast of Africa. Work is progressing in standardizing national health and mortality statistics and biological (*Continued on page* 323)

Crafts

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THE old glass blower, in his crystal spheres,
Holds ageless wisdom, visible at will;
The weaver has been brave through cheerless years,
Because his Tyrian dyes are royal still.
For these there is a universal speech
In eloquence of fingers, that attain
Fresh beauty in a crumbling world, and reach
Such brotherhood as creeds have sought in vain.

This Abyssinian with his filagrees
Of ancient, lovely silver and dyed pearl,
Would scorn the god of Islam, yet in these
Frail things to deck the beauty of a girl,
His cunning hands speak to a Moslem heart
In swift, triumphant syllables of art.

A Syrian woman, in her fragile lace,
Has Sharon roses for a delicate theme,
And makes a garden in the market place,
Where followers of alien gods may dream.
A dark Egyptian with his candle sticks
Hand wrought in etched and hammered brass, has shown
How he will guard beneath a crucifix
The offerings of a prophet not his own.

The lotus of his ancient land is gone,
But on these pillars in obsidian,
It lifts carved chalices to greet the dawn,
As when in Thebes, the priestly rites began.
This is the artist's triumph over kings—
Glory shall pass, but not his lovely things.

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THE TUNNEL DWELLERS *Etching by Eugene Higgins*

A FIRST casual glance might assume there is only story and subject interest in this picture. But the slightest study reveals the same type of organization of elements that governs a Raphael madonna. Note the curves of arch in relation to the curves of bodies. Note the universalized forms of men. Not a particular anecdote, this, of momentary value, but an epic of ageless value.

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Using Prints

With Illustrations from the Fifty Prints Exhibition of The American Institute of Graphic Arts

By RALPH M. PEARSON

WE have lost the age of wonder in our relation to pictures as we have lost it in our relation to thunder, lightning, and rain. From visualizing the unknown, pictures have degenerated to visualizing the known. This applies both to the functioning of the pictures themselves and to our functioning in relation to them. From inspiring awe, reverence, wonder, they have lapsed, in the main, to a mere practical transcript of story or facts. From venerating an artist's creative explanation of mysteries we have come down to a slight interest in pictures as skilful imitations of nature or things. "Would he like a picture of a ship?" asks the dealer of the mother whose son is buying his first picture. *"Oh yes, he loves ships."* The answer rings round the English speaking world. It is ground into us by three centuries of mental habit. *The picture is the proxy for the thing.* Or it tells a story. Slight interest, aroused by such functions, is a long way from veneration and wonder. It implies a minimum experience value as against a deep experience value. We glance at news-photos, cartoons, color reproductions, original prints, oil paintings. They "look like" this, "portray" or suggest" that, and we pass on and forget as we pass on and forget an "ad" for chewing gum. The prominent role that pictures play in modern life is measured by bulk and not by intensity. The emotional function is gone. The intellectual alone remains.

When pictures instead of books were the open door into wider experience for the common citizen they returned more to their observers than merely this reporting of story and facts. They made tangible the artist's imaginative conception of life, death, nature, God, heaven and hell. The people saw the unknown through the eyes of the artist creator. They saw the stories of the crucifixion or the annunciation, but they also absorbed into their lives expressions of these stories that, in their subliminity and ordered arrangements into enduring, monumental creations, went far beyond the limits of their own powers of imagination and visualization. Thus the artist was spiritual leader—spokesman for the dumb, eyes for the blind. His creation, woven into the fabric of common lives, was *used*. It was used on three counts—for its reporting of story and facts, for its creative expression, and for its symphonic organization of all contributing elements into a living entity—design. This quality of design may have been "over the heads" of the general public, but it was there—an integral part of all great works of art—to exert its enriching influence in whatever degree this influence can be transmitted to conscious or unconscious minds.

Not so today. At least it is not so in the cases of pictures that only report facts, or in the cases of observers who only see facts—who are blind to creative expression and to design. That it can be, however, that observers can again get rich emotional experience from pictures—can see through the eyes of artists visions of life and nature that are beyond their own powers of imagination, and can submit to the visual domination of the creative organization of these visions into rich and moving design—is the rediscovery of our time as exposed in the work of Cezanne, Renoir, Matisse and other so-called "modern" painters. Choice of subject-matter may be different. Instead of expressing the essential realities of life as symbolized in some religious drama of the past, the artist can express essential realities of today as he sees them—as they tune in with the general trend of contemporary thought. In an apple, for instance, is summed up the mystery of the universe. In the multiple relations of an apple to a pear and a piece of cloth are summed up all the embryonic mysteries of art. (Cezanne is said to have worked four years on one of the still-life paintings that hangs in the Metropolitan. Yet there are people who give this work one glance and think they have seen it.) In a bridge or a door is much more of reality than the engineer or carpenter ever sees or guesses. In every human figure are a myriad aspects of movement, form, color, emotion, texture, light, dark, of which one person sees few or many according to his stage of visual development. When gestures of man or beast are detached from their utilitarian implications and judged as movements seen in space, a new set of values come into play. Things are what they do not seem. The signing of a peace treaty between warring nations, the friendly wagging of a collie's tail, take on significances in their

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Mr. Pearson has just served as a one-man jury at the invitation of The American Institute of Graphic Arts to select the so-called "modern" group of prints in their 1925 Fifty Prints of the Year exhibition recently opened at the Art Center in New York City, and now starting to tour the country. In order to give a fair showing to the two opposed schools of thought in the American print field, and thus give the general public the opportunity for intelligent judgment, the Institute invited two one-man juries each to make unhampered choice of half the exhibition. Ernest D. Roth, ex-president of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers was the other juror, for the conservative group. Libraries, museums, schools, social centers, etc., that are interested in showing the exhibition should apply directly to the Institute, address 65 E. 56 St., New York City.

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own right to which we may have been entirely blind. The artist can reveal these unknowns and a thousand other unknowns—can again extend experience beyond prevailing horizons as he did in the "darker" ages—if we let him do so.

Design is the order by means of which man has always released these realities from the anarchy of nature (in its visual aspect) into forceful, enduring expression. It is the plot and style of literature, the harmony of music. It is the organization of all the elements of the picture—lines, spaces, forms, colors, textures, plus story and subject—into the visual symphony. It is the thing to be searched for if one wishes to experience the quality that gives the picture inherent life in its own right. It is creation—invention. To be conscious of it the observer must detach it from story and subject and see it as an end in itself. This is a necessary first step, by the way, to giving it any value when fixed habits of thought direct attention elsewhere. One proof of the intrinsic necessity and power of design is its universality. In certain paleolithic cave paintings it is as obviously controlling the hand of the artist as it is in the case of a Titian's Assumption. In the carvings of African Negroes, the ornamentation of American Indians, in the arts of Assyria, Egypt, China, Japan, East India, Persia, renaissance Europe, it is the one constant factor—universal in its basic instinctive laws, widely diversified in its application of these laws to varying individual and racial expressions.

Prints, since their European discovery sometime before the year 1423, have always been the people's medium of contact with the expression of artists. During this five hundred years artists of all degrees of greatness have responded to the lure of this contact—to the sense of usefulness implied in it—and have engraved on wood and copper according to the richness or poverty of their vision of life and art. A retrospective print exhibition such as that hung in the Metropolitan Museum last year shows graphically the increasing general poverty of this vision as it gradually declined in vitality from Dürer and Rembrandt down, down, down, losing in creative expression as it gained in realistic imitation. (There were breaks, of course, Goya, Tiepolo, Meryon, Daumier and others.) The abject copying reached during the first half of the last century, and marking the bottom of the trough of the wave, was finally checked by Whistler who took the first step back toward the former distinction by "suggesting" instead of merely copying—a change, however, of degree rather than of kind. Since Whistler suggestive representation has held in favor without further change till, within the past few years, the real break has come and prints have again claimed their right to register the creatively organized expression of enduring realities.

Serving as the one man jury for the "modern" section of the "Fifty Prints of the Year" has given the writer an interesting opportunity to search out those American prints of the last few years (this first exhibit in order to include the most significant recent work was not limited to the production of the current year) which, in his opinion, expressed essential realities of life and nature through the organization of elements into living design. The search out-dated the jury service by two or three years. National, international and local exhibitions, and many dealer's galleries, from Los Angeles and San Francisco to Chicago and New York, were watched as opportunity offered. In one case, from a showing of four hundred prints selected from a thousand that had been submitted to the jury, three visiting "modern" artists (all workers in their various ways for the ends here discussed) agreed together that each would independently select what he considered the five most significant prints. When lists were compared there was found to be agreement on three prints, two foreign and one American. The American print is one of the present exhibit. (Of these three prints none had received honors or attention of any sort. None had been purchased. The gold medal and various other prizes had all gone to prints that were essentially imitative.) In the case of another equally large exhibit only one print was found that could consistently be included here. This scarcity of prints built on creative design in current exhibitions is the logical result of adverse action by juries that do not understand them and of the refusal of artists to submit their work where it will not be understood. One rather important feature of the showing of the "modern" group may be the very assembling in one unit of a school of work that heretofore (except for individual local exhibits) has been so scattered and lost among great numbers of representative prints that its unity has never been obvious.

HOUSES

Wood cut by Winold Reiss

In this wood-cut, design is paramount. Subject-matter is definitely altered or conventionalized into subservience to creation. The design is more simple and obvious than in any other print here shown. It is frankly, joyously adventurous. Especially should it delight the eyes of children

The writer has believed, during the fifteen years he has been connected with the field of prints, that the graphic arts have needed a severer standard than the generally prevailing one of "encouraging" and "being fair" to as many print-makers as possible—a policy which is more or less forced on print societies with extensive membership lists. The present opportunity, therefore, has also seemed important in the very limits it imposed. To choose twenty-five (instead of four hundred) good prints is a responsibility that must be met by a painstaking analysis both of prints and standard. In judging, of course, the juror is being judged—a stimulating adventure, all to his advantage. Let us hope that some of the adventurous quality will carry over to those who see the pictures—or rather to those who relish adventure among the ones who see them. No claim to all-inclusiveness, it should be added, is made. Undoubtedly there are many creative prints that could not be found. One artist of distinction, John J. A. Murphy, did not care to exhibit. Another could not be reached in time. But the group, as it stands, is a unified showing which may have some value in contrast to the necessary compromise always resulting from every conflict of opinion in the larger-jury system which now prevails in the field of prints.

The standard back of the selections takes its root in the assumption that story and subject in a picture gain power

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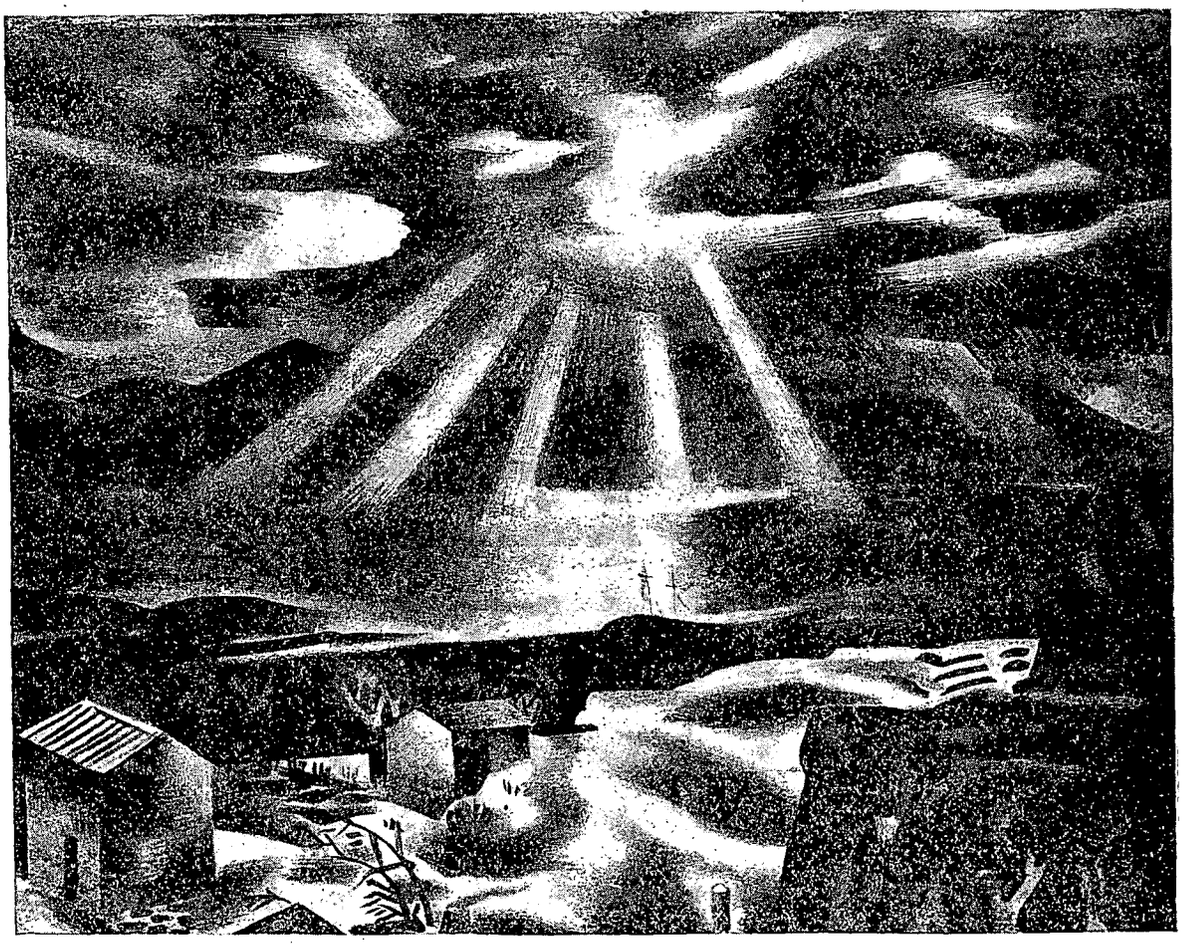
and effectiveness in their presentation by their fusing into creative expression and design (skill of technique being always assumed as a necessary ingredient). This thesis is most obviously illustrated, perhaps, by the Tunnel Dwellers of Eugene Higgins (p. 294). There is story here. The men are heavy, tired, discouraged. They lurk in a city tunnel with its gloom and oppressive weight of stone. They have left hope, as symbolized by the lighted street and the walking figure, behind. Also there is subject interest, closely related, but distinct if one chooses, from story. The men as forms, the curve of the arch, the tunnel shadow, each have their special appeal as they would in life. "Subject interest," as the term is here used, always refers back through the picture to the object portrayed. The picture, to whatever extent this interest is indulged, becomes no more than a means of calling attention to something beyond or outside of itself. It ceases to be a source of experience in its own right. If these two elements were all the content of this picture modern theory says it might be of momentary value but it certainly would be negligible as a work of art and therefore not of enduring value. A competent craftsman could have copied nature and got so much of a result.

At this point steps in the artist creator organizing elements for the purpose of telling story and portraying subject more powerfully. Every superfluous detail that would not integrate with the unified total expression is omitted. Forms of bodies are simplified until, instead of particular wearied men, these are all wearied men. So is interest shifted from anecdote to epic. The forms, lines, darks, lights are related to each other. The curves of arch support curves of bodies—not accidentally as might happen in life, but with intention obviously at work. And this control of eye movement stimulates its emotional response in addition to whatever response is aroused by subject. To segregate the two responses and to test the design, the picture can be looked at upside down, for such inversion eliminates meaning of subject without affecting design—without destroying the pictorial unity. In other words, then, the *expression* of the artist is a dominant part of the whole of this work. We see subject and story through the prism of his creative vision welded into design. We see the unknown. We wonder. We share in a work of art. And because the expression is universalized and deals with essential rather than superficial realities we have some justification for claiming the print to be a work of enduring value.

How can prints such as these be used? That is the question that will be asked by educators, social workers and individuals who wish to (*Continued on page* 329)



MAINE *Lithograph by Jan Matulka*

Instead of copying sunset colors from nature and charming the observer with a reflection of God's creation, this artist has chosen motives from sunsets in general and built a creation that has charm in its own right. In addition it has the quality of the universal. It is all sunsets portrayed through a featuring of their essential characteristics.

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AFRICAN FANTASY

Linoleum Cut
by Erika Lohman

This is two dimensional invention. It is decorative. It is design in a simple form, yet, because of the rich interweaving of varied spots and textures of dark and light, it is of living visual interest that does not quickly fade. There is life in a picture like this simply because the relations of its elements are sensitively created. Imitation and copying, in contrast, spell lack of life in this sense.

JUGGLERS *Wood engraving by Cecil Buller*

Here story is also woven into design yet is told strikingly. And the adventurous setting adds values that support and accentuate story in ways that are not at once obvious. As one does not learn to appreciate Wagner at a single hearing, or to play the piano at the first trial, so one does not see all there is to be seen in this, or any of these pictures, at one glance. Which is an excellent reason for living with them a month or a year or two to get acquainted. This is white line wood engraving.

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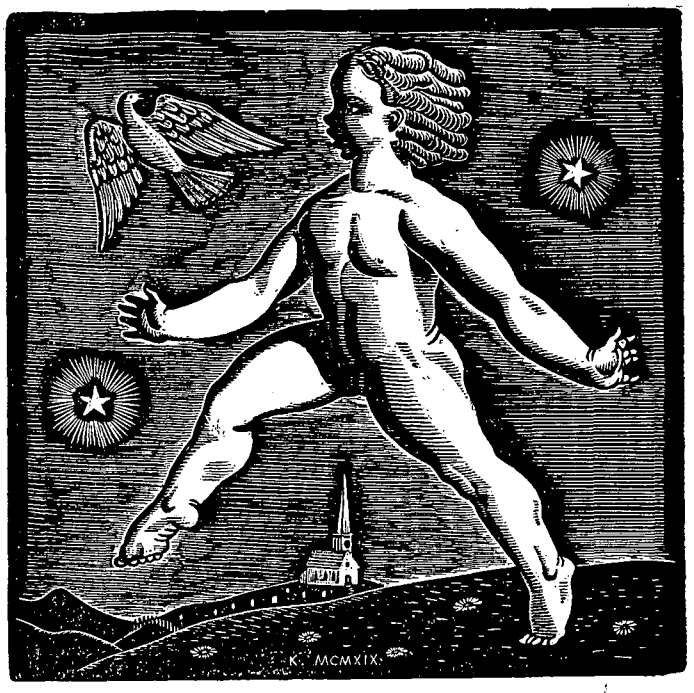
BLUEBIRD

Woodcut by Rockwell Kent

Setting to one side all considerations of story, subject and skill (to be judged separately on their own merits) one can note what remains and be sure that in this remainder he will find the peculiar values which the artist, from the well of his experience, has given to the work. In this there is a very large remainder. In fact nothing is copied. There is story plus expression, plus design, as in a Tintoretto or Michael Angelo. The artist has *expressed* childhood -- has given us the chance to share in an imaginative conception that is greater than our own.



CAROLINA VILLAGE

Woodcut by Charles Burchfield and J. J. Lankes

This has the same quality. Not only is the picture material selected and the irrelevant omitted, but such as is used is controlled and altered into design.

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HATTY — *Etching by Peggy Bacon*

Story is also tempered into design with the gain in vitality that always results from a welding of the two.

WOOLWORTH BUILDING — *Etching by John Marin*

This is in lighter vein--more an impression like Whistler's etchings of Venice from which it obviously derives. But, unlike Whistler, the impression, in its apparent disorder (if subject only is considered), is ordered into moving design, thus adding the interest in the artist's feeling for the expression of his subject in his own terms, to the facts of buildings and trees.

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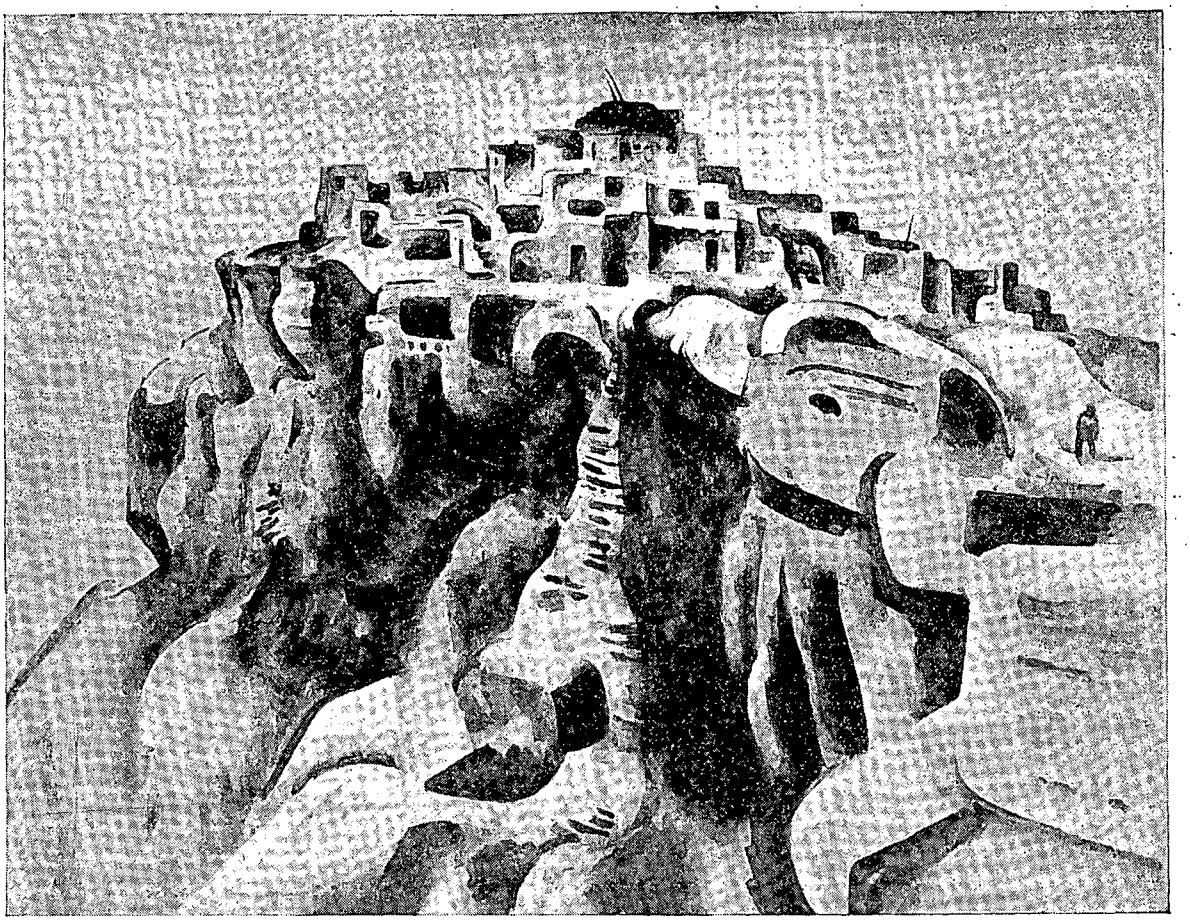

Pueblo *Painting by Andrew Dasburg*

The Indivisible Utility

By MARY AUSTIN

Drawings by Howard Huey

DR. H. G. WELLS, in one of his earlier attempts to pierce the form of modern living sketches the evolution of the community as the built-out shell of what he calls The Normal Life. Therein he shows the market, the church, the parliament and the court, appearing as successive items in the pattern of fixed society. From such center, as the true nodality of social living, he undertook to blue-print the framework of a more acceptable pattern. That his attempt, like so many European attempts to predicate the faultless shape of society, ended in futility, as Mr. Wells himself now seems to realize, is in part due to a circumstance lying so close to European sociologists that they remain practically unaware of it; namely, that such nodality is normal only for the geographically circumscribed zone within which European society arose. It is normal only in that belt of the Northern Hemisphere in which the married pair, the primitive social unit, has been able to maintain itself and its young "on its own." In that temperate region where rain is equally distributed, where grass and wild fruit renews itself seasonally, where wood is always at hand and tillable soil easily had, a man and his mate could once support themselves and their increase practically unassisted by any other members of their species.

Had the apostles of the new social order enjoyed the opportunity to study at first hand, as may still be done in the United States, the movement of the primary family unit toward the completely integrated community, they would have discovered that the town-making impulse is far less strictly "economic" than has been supposed. Not sufficiently so, as has been proved, to permit the erection of a new communal pattern on the economic premise. Not economic determinism but cultural determinism has been the nodality, the knot-forming incentive of the primary groups. It is possible that, in the evolutionary stages of temperate zone societies, bare subsistence was more easily achieved by the smaller family group than by the town. It certainly can be shown to have been in the United States, within memory. What drove men together was the hunger not so much for meat as for leisure, for the improved opportunity to explore and exploit that mystic

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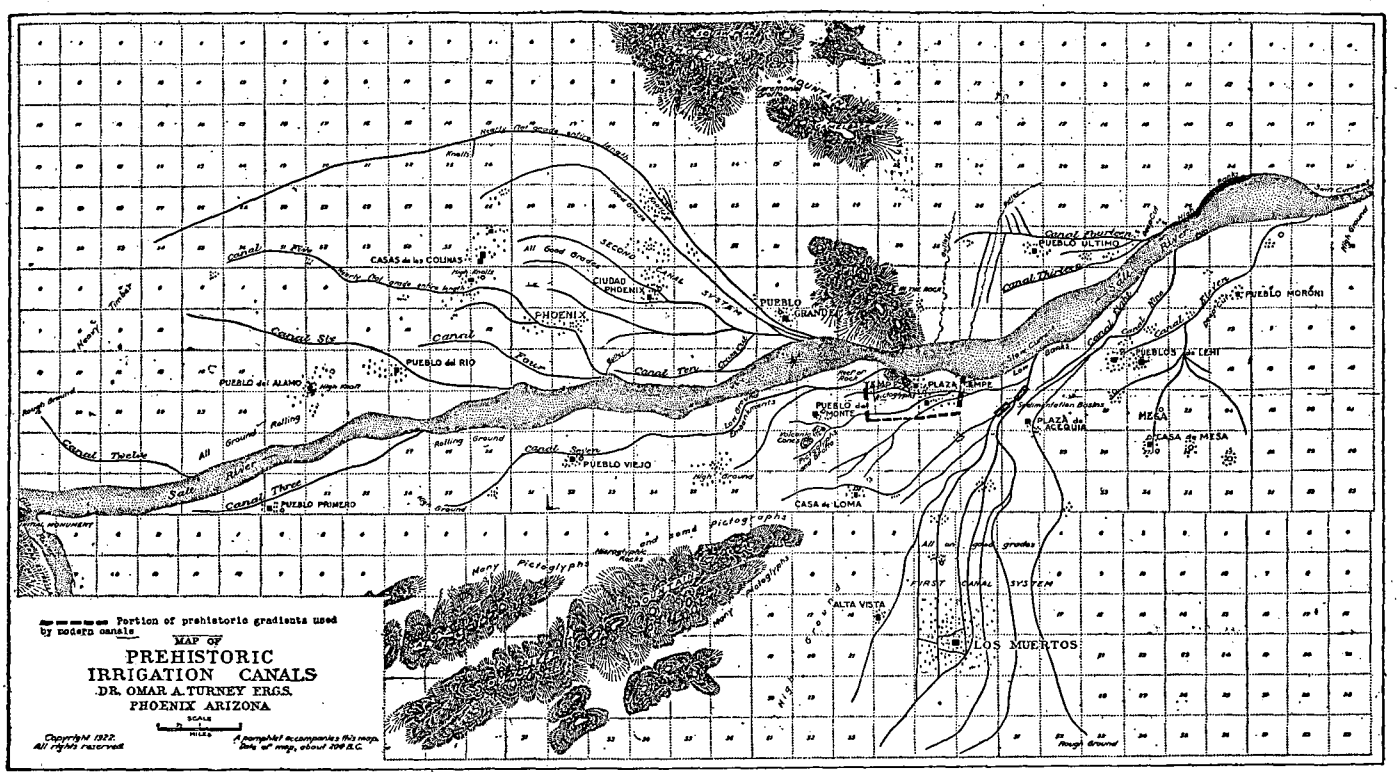

region of the man-soul from which spring religion, poetry, politics and all the arts. Man may eat alone—still he exhibits a deep-rooted preference for taking his food in the midst of the family; but for art an audience is indispensable. Out of the means invented to gratify this town-hunger grew the European community pattern, generating unanticipated economic exigencies, from which sprang new evasions, fathering in their turn new economic pressures, and new strenuosities of escape, until the Normal Community of Mr. Wells has become a self-generating dynamo, the wearing of whose gears fills our time with nerve-racking anguish.

But such a monstrosity as the modern industrial city could never have evolved out of the Normal Life by any other means than its own normality; a normality of which the determining item has been so absolutely the product of its native environment that it has evaded detection. Yet no longer ago than the early stages of the Russian revolution, this ignored but determining item in the constitution of European society—the possibility of the escape of the primary unit from the town group into economic independence—has been demonstrated by the withdrawal of the peasant population into this shattered, but still tenable, self-sustaining isolation.

This pattern of community life, based upon an ever present possibility of such escape, has had a longer lease than it might have run, by the opening up of the temperate regions of the American continent. In the face of incredible hardships, millions of family units streamed into the free spaces of the northeastern colonies, thus reestablishing the original nodality of a Europeanly shaped society. The relation of the family unit to the town-group resumed its voluntary character; and by this release of strain, the unsuitability of the European community pattern to modern conditions of living was masked for another two or three hundred years. It is only when, even in the Americas, the possibility of escape into an earlier status, in which man's impulse toward communalism was an item in his evolutionary search for culture, is narrowing to a close, that we realize this unsuitability. Nothing, we conclude, could go further by way of inverting the original purpose of towns, than some of our outstanding American communities. Nothing could more completely fail of satisfying the exigencies it creates, than the European type of communality in a country in which the original escape into rural self-sufficiency has ceased to be a practical possibility.

It is in the light of this patent unsuitability of the modern town to existing conditions that we begin to discover not only that the European community pattern is not normal for all environments, but that here, in parts of the United States, we have a natural background which gives rise to another pattern, repeated with variations in other countries wherever the same natural factors occur. The distinguishing characteristic of this distinctive community pattern is that it is normally, from its inception, built upon the very conditions which destroy the efficiency and threaten the existence of the Europeanly patterned community.

II

IN the western and southwestern United States, in a territory of about the geographical extension of France, Italy and Spain combined, the environmental conditions supplied by Europe in the early phases of its economic development are either lacking, or so contrarily arranged as to present practically no common features. Temperatures are several degrees above temperate, rains unequally distributed, grasslands divorced from the scant forests and seasonally so restricted as to make a migratory life too rigorous even for the primitive social unit. The whole environment, in short, is totally unfitted to prosper the family group. And on the other hand there are possibilities in the soil and climate that render life for the economically coordinated group easier, more delectable than it ever succeeded in being in the portions of Europe that gave rise

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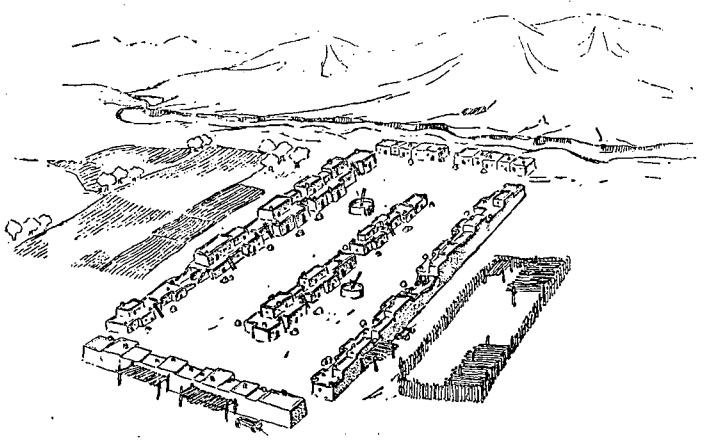
to the prevailing city pattern. That this is the case in portions of Idaho, Montana and California, and practically the whole of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, will hardly be denied. So firmly are we prepossessed by the European, temperate-zone pattern as the norm of community life, however, that we will not all at once discover that the *natural* factors by which new communities in our Southwest are conditioned are precisely those with which Europe—and the eastern United States—are now desperately struggling.

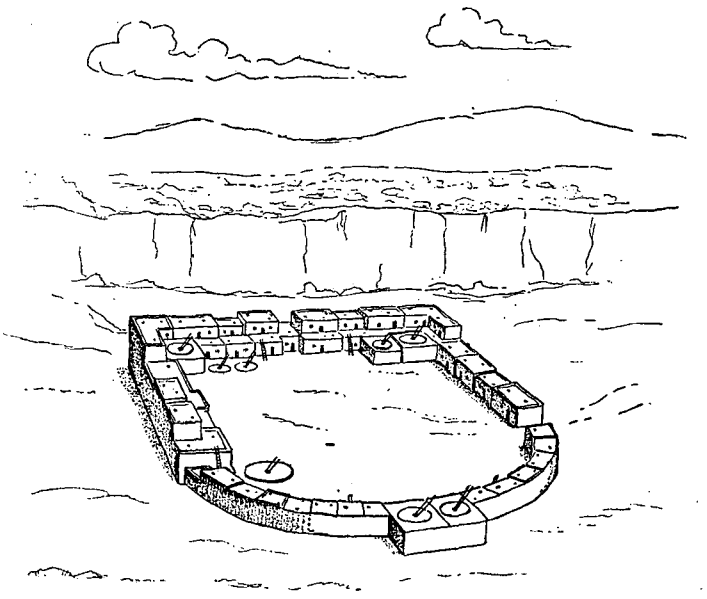
We shall come at this condition only by realizing afresh that the possibility of escape by the family group from the town to the country is already reduced to a minimum. In England, in France, in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Italy, probably to an unrecognized degree in all the rest of Europe, detachment of the country from the city has ceased to be practicable. If it is still possible in the United States, it is no longer held to be desirable. Remote mountain regions of Kentucky and Arkansas and the Northwest, where solitary family groups may still be discovered in a state of economic independence from the organized community, are bywords for all that is opposed to our modern ideal of living. Not in the East, where the nature of the bond is still unrealized, any more than in the West where it is the focus of public attention, is the country free from the town, or the family from the community. And the name of the inescapable bond of this condition, which increases upon us with every advance of science, is the *indivisible utility*. It exists naturally in the Southwest in the irrigation reservoir and ditch; it runs, an inextricable tangle through all the rest of the country, in the telephone, the telegraph, the railroad, in city water and light and power. Probably more than half our failure to administer such utilities efficiently can be definitely referred to the subconscious pull of the old pattern based on a still believed in but practically discontinuing notion of opposition and escape. It makes no difference in the force of the pull whether it is from the town to the country or from the country to the town. We are still feeling in terms of a fast vanishing fact.

III

PEOPLE who come into the Southwest from older settled parts of the country are always struck with the quality of community activity, the movement of the community as a whole. They marvel at the proportion of "public improvements," the more or less unorganized, at least uncompelled, conformity of private enterprise to the



Community house rows evolved out of the small house type



A pre-Columbian canyon type of community house showing blank outer walls for defense; ceremonial chambers indicated by ladders

community ideal, and end by attributing it to the climate, to a larger social vision, to almost anything but the initial urge of a completely communized pattern to complete itself. The older American communities are built up on an advance movement of self-sustaining, economically unrelated farmer-family groups, who first used the town as a convenience and finally yielded it a reluctant and never wholly convinced allegiance. In the industrial cities the allegiance is often tinged with hostility. This detachment makes inevitably for the waste and corruption by which the European community complex has long been characterized. If there is any hope that a superior type of civic attachment may be evolved on American soil it can only be in those communities which cannot even come into existence except by a prearranged community of *interest,* patterned around the indivisible utility. That a superior type of civic achievement has already appeared in the Southwest is not possible to deny.

Although this utility type of communalism is new for the English-speaking, it cannot be claimed as an English-speaking invention. It cannot even be described as a spontaneous reaction to an environmental condition new in the English-speaking experience. Historically it is the nature of a modern engrafture on an aboriginal root, which, in our Southwest, has had easily a thousand years' experience of the soil on which it rose.

Anyone who doubts the intimate relation between natural environment and social pattern would do well to study the natural patterning of aboriginal communities rising in response to local variations of this primary possibility—the possibility of the family group being able to maintain itself detached from the larger social group. Among the Five Nations whose centers were around the eastern end of the Great Lakes, akin to the characteristic environment of north-middle Europe, there arose similarities of organization—walled towns, secret diplomacy, representative government and aggressive nationalism—which makes of our adoption of Tamenend as a political totem, Chief Tamenend, the Well-Thought-of, something more than an amusing

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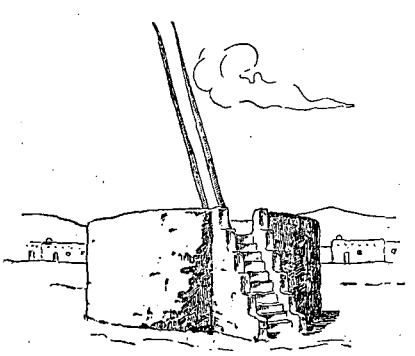
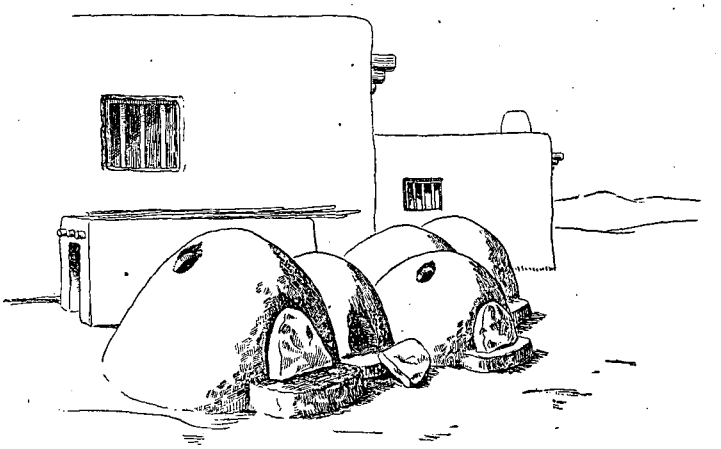
coincidence. At the same time there crystallized along the *acequia madres* of New Mexico and Arizona, in an environment in which the isolated family could no longer survive, types of communality that—on paper—would fill the self-constituted prophets of all Utopias with unmixed satisfaction.

In spite of the differentiation of racial stock and modern scientific control over certain factors of the environment, the present day irrigation district is sufficiently in the line of evolution with the aboriginal Pueblo to make a study of one illuminate the other. The Pueblo system is itself an evolution from an older, Small-House, family tpye, the ruins of which are distributed along the Rio Grande plateaus thicker than ruins in any similar area of Europe. The Small-House community could never have been, from the nature of its ruins, larger than the married pair and their young children, with possibly a married daughter bringing her husband home and inheriting the house and adjacent field, or several daughters settling in their own houses in the neighborhood. This state of things was made possible by more copious rains than are now usual in that region. If the change in climatic conditions, which occurred at the end of the Small-House period, had been in the direction of more and more frequent rains, it is probable that increased population and town-building would have developed in the Southwest along the same lines as in the well rained-on lands of the East. It happened, however, that the change was toward progressive desiccation, which drove the inhabitants to the meadows of mountain streams and finally to the borders of the Rio Grande, the Mimbres, the Gila and their tributaries. There, no longer able to depend upon natural rainfall, the Tewas and Tanoans, the Piros and Queres and Zuni and Hopi and kindred tribes were forced to utilize the indivisible river floods, led to the fields in ditches that were possible to construct only by the greatest economy of community effort. How well organized and completely cooperative this effort must have been, at its best, can be guessed from the ruins of the canals in the neighborhood of Phoenix, Arizona, which, scraped out with stone and wooden tools on gradients still in use, watered a territory larger than is now under irrigation in that district.

The social and economic communism which developed around the community use of such an irrigation system was, naturally, characterized by the prevailing primitiveness of the tribes. Land, not yet being thought of as private property, was owned by the commune and allotted to individuals, who lost their allotments by failing to cultivate the land for two consecutive years. This is not so different from our system as might appear, for even under private ownership, few men today can afford to hold land under a modern irrigation system and not crop it. The user of the land had naturally to become a member of the owning Pueblo, as he does in effect become modernly a member of the economic community controlling the reservoir and mains of the system from which his private ditch is fed. Each pueblo owned and administered its own system, but no capital beyond the labor of the pueblo being invested in it, administration was far less of a problem than is modernly the case. Every man was a farmer, even the high priest, whose field was worked for him by the community when he was engaged upon his priestly office, or, in large towns where his duties were more exacting, he was supported by tithings. The same thing was done for widows with young children, until another husband was found; and orphans, when rarely they occurred, were promptly allotted to families lacking children. By such arrangements the extremes of poverty and wealth were avoided. There was also an equal distribution of leisure, with its natural consequence of an equable culture shared by each according to his capacity. Culture hunger, quite as insistent in man as meat hunger, led to the massing of the community living quarters in the most healthful and protected spot, which at a later period was also selected for defence against predatory tribes drawn there by the hope of plunder. During the growing season the farmer resided at his "temporale" ("house of the summer rain") in the midst of his planted field. The community houses were, for the most part, many-storied, provided with public ovens, dancing places, domestic water supply, and buildings of a civic and religious character.

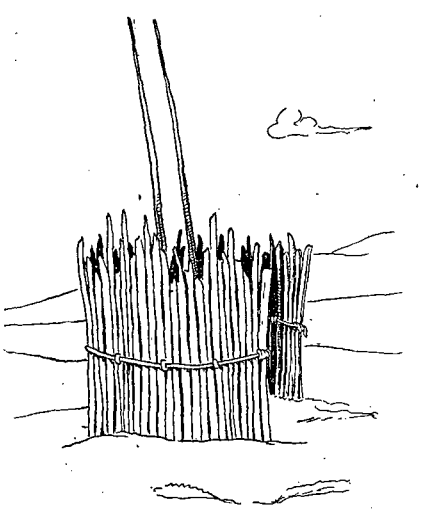


Modern ceremonial chamber in a Rio Grande pueblo



Community ovens and store rooms

There are more intimate similarities between the ancient and the new communities of the Southwest than this slight sketch of the former would imply. There is for instance, easily noticeable by the most casual tourist, the Community Council, the interest in culture as a community expression rather than as a personal endowment, as typified in the increasing number of



Underground ceremonial chamber based on pit house dwelling

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public religious services, in the rise and advance of the community theater movement which spread from the California coast, reaching New York some twenty years after its inception, and from New York ricocheting to the regions in which the detachment between the town and rural populations has been longest in force. There is, in the modern southwestern community, the same disposition toward residence at the civic center made possible by the motor vehicle, and a corresponding disappearance of the manners and appearance of the "rube", the "jay", by which the farmer's hypothetical opposition to the town has always been stigmatized. In fact, if you will examine your own mental images, you will discover that what the "farmer" or the "rural type" has always meant to you, is not the food-producer of the Southwest at all, but the older, temperate zone outlier, the man whose interests and occupations have never been successfully harmonized with those of the fixed community.

If it were not for this deeply ingrained want of unity in the original social pattern, there would by this time be no such thing as a "farmer bloc," a political and sociological "rural problem." Fundamentally the interest of the rural population is, of course, identical with the interest of the rest of humanity. But no process of rationalization can be expected to dissolve the inhibitions of a two or three-thousand-year-old social formation, originally based upon the idea of a fundamental detachment. Possibly the destruction of rural life in the eastern United States—which, if you examine it in the light of your own reactions and mental images, means the destruction of the self-sustaining farm complex—is nothing like so despairful a probability as it appears in some quarters. It may be merely the decay of an otherwise insuperable barrier to the reformation of the town-and-country complex on the basis that the whole sum of civilization, science, art, and the social impetus constitutes, for the temperate zone farmer, an indivisble and indispensable utility which will bring him at last completely into the community.

IV

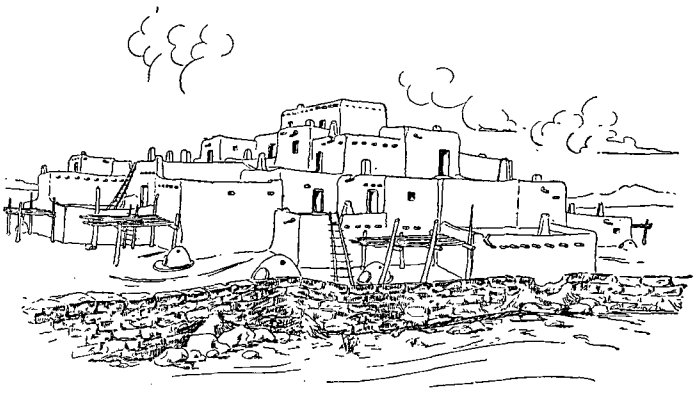
SUCH ideas are, at any rate, suggested by the observer of community life in those regions in which water for irrigation constitutes the indivisible nexus of the social group. Not only water, but power.

Human intelligence is always immensely influenced by any objectivation of its processes. In the well-rained-on lands the impulse that relates the farmer to the community is obscured. The wires, so to speak, that tie him to the town pass out of sight under the habitual features of his environment, creating an illusion of separateness. But when the relation of food producers to distributors, to engineers and builders and miners and manufacturers, is objectively dramatized on so magnificent a scale as, for example, the Elephant Butte dam or the projected Colorado River irrigation and power scheme, there is no possible evasion of the direct connection of all these things. It is as if, suddenly, the whole skeleton of society were laid bare. The farmer in the Southwest can not think produce without thinking dams and reservoirs, cannot think dams without thinking power, cannot think of power without thinking of its points of application in mines and factories, cannot therefore think of his own eighty acres without thinking of the whole geographical range of which it is an item. Finally he cannot think constructively of his regional habitat without eventually stretching his thought to include the watershed, the moutain slopes and forests which compose it, not infrequently—as in the two cases mentioned—several states distant from his home. It is this extension of his environment awareness which primarily distinguishes the food producer of the western community from the farmer in the regions where it is still possible for a man to make a fair living without knowing what is going on in the county next to him. One is always hearing this extended awareness of the westener commented upon as though it were a personal virtue. "You people out here are so energetic"—"all waked up," etc. But in fact the people in the West mostly came from the East. The increased aliveness is very largely the natural response of the individual to the stimulus of the new pattern of group adjustment, demanded by the western environment.

It is the noticeable quality of this response which is the basis of prophecy in the Southwest. We cannot hope that the new impetus given to English-speaking culture by the necessity of confronting to a new group adjustment will carry it very far, unless we can be assured that it will also escape the menace of social fixation peculiar to that pattern. For there is a menace in the communalization of utilities, one that is clearly expressed in the aboriginal prototype. It is the menace of cultural arrest through the perfection of economic adjustment.

The culture of the Indian pueblo, after coming into terms of such intimacy with its environment that its economic equilibrium was practically assured, came to a standstill and an inevitable slow decline. That this decline was disastrously hastened, and any possibility of recuperation destroyed, by the Spanish conquest, should not minimize the fact that after spreading successfully from southern Colorado into central Mexico, before the arrival of the Spanish, it began definitely to recede.

Of the factors which brought about this recession of what is probably the most successful form of communism known, only those which were inherent in the pattern concern us. One of them was that very community-mindedness out of which economic success was secured and stabilized. Like-mindedness, and a ready play of all minds in a given direction, is indispensable to a high type of communal activity. But a sustained condition of such like-mindedness throughout the community is the inevitable foe to originality. This we already observe in our own democracy. The man with a new idea is the disturber of conditions. When conditions are generally satisfactory to the commune, the new idea has short shrift. Time and again the legendary history of the Pueblos hints at the expulsion or death of



Mother-hive pyramidal house heap with part of enclosing wall

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the original genius, in the interest of that equilibrium which was at once their prize and their menace. As I know the Pueblos at first hand, their power of cooperation, their even-handed distribution of benefits, surpassing all our Utopian dreams, is equalled only by their intolerance of change. Only a year or two ago, at the Pueblo of Taos, nothing but federal intervention prevented the expulsion of an intelligent and competent member because he refused to continue the honored custom of wearing his hair in two tails. Economic equilibrium obtained at such a price would seem to come too high.

There was another danger lurking in the one feature of the aboriginal communism most envied by the Utopian dreamers of Europe: its equable distribution of leisure. In modern times it has been assumed that leisure thus secured to the individual will be generally employed in pursuits called cultural. This assumption seems to be confirmed by what happened in the Pueblos. Every man became in some sort an artist, made songs, made literature, made beautiful his utensils and his garments, invented drama and organized his relations to the Invisible Universe. But the inescapable element with which all leisure is tainted is self-indulgence, or, as we prefer to term it, self-expression. Even among the Greeks we see it turned to philosophical speculation rather than to the cold drive of science and the progressive mastery of the material environment. It is necessity that gives the drive; and in the economy of the aboriginal commune, necessity was happily reduced to a minimum. Thus the whole cultural energy of the Pueblos was turned in spiritual rather than scientific or material directions. Thus they were found unequal to meeting successfully practical emergencies arising in their material environment—epidemics of disease, prolonged drouth, smut in the corn, incursions of nomadic, militaristic tribes.

There is a hint, in the disappearance of the great communes of Central America, of a still more fatal menace arising out of the prevailing spirituality of their culture. One of the accidents to which human society is liable is the periodic appearance of great minds. The Pueblos had, in their economic satisfaction and its ensuing intolerance, a defense against what has happened in the European community, the dominance of the economically endowed. As far as the average of economic intelligence enabled them, the Pueblos made use of their Rockefellers and Rothschilds. As much as they could not make use of without "disturbing conditions," they exiled or destroyed. But the like-mindedness which is the natural fruit of stabilized economic equality left them no defense against the capitalists of mind stuff. They fell under the dominance of the type of genius whose medium is the social conscience, the priest and prophet type. The community became a fetish which devoured its own progeny. All this is clearly indicated in the surviving Pueblos, as the inevitable progression of a too perfect communalism. It is even more strongly suggested by the ruins of the magnificent communalism of Central America and Yucatan. I say suggested, because nobody pretends that we have anything like full data on the decline of those notable cultures, but among people who have worked in that field there is a practical unanimity of inference that the cities, whose ruins are of a structural magnificence equal or surpassing the best of the Greek states, disintegrated through the reduction of the individual citizen to a minimum, and a characteristic failure to relate individual development to economic considerations. The indivisible utility tied the Central American communes to the cultural-religious complex. They erected magnificent temples, housings for the religious orders and public monuments, invented writing and a more perfect calendar than Europe had—and succumbed to malaria and mob-mindedness.

If the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona suffered less from the dominance of the community as a fetish, kept on the whole a better balance between economic and cultural factors, they were no less victimized by that communal mindedness which is so advantageous in its initial phases, and so disastrous in its finish. All about the border of the Pueblo culture area, cities died standing; well built, well fed, prosperous communities died of fear, fear of the invisible environment which they lacked the economic incentive to explore, fear of the half-starved, houseless, imperfectly organized, intensely individualized nomadic tribes.

V

NO doubt racial factors have had something to do with sharpening the contrasts between the Amerindian and the European types of communality. Of the two courses—economic competition furnishing the incentive to intellectual advance, on the one hand, and economic equality divorced from cultural considerations on the other—the European seems, on the whole, the less hazardous to run.

But how if it should turn out that the modern community in the Southwest should be able to make an effective selection of the most favorable characteristics of both?

Already there is a half-conscious struggle between the two types of procedure. In accepting the indivisible utility of water for irrigation as the determinant of community pattern, the English speaking settlers in the Southwest—as in Australia and New Zealand—have found an outlet for their genius for organization which carries them further along the path of successful economic communalism than they have been able to go in Europe. By this impetus in these regions, they have been carried past many handicaps of caste and class. They are still between two dangers, the one of having the control of the communal utility pass from the community to a small capitalist class, the other, in case they succeed in maintaining the administration of the indivisible utility for and by the community, of finding their cultural progress brought to a standstill by economic equilibrium.

The struggle between capitalistic and communal control of the vast power and water utilities of our Southwest, now beginning, is so dramatic, so involved with state and federal interest, touches so many issues of national and regional resources, that discussion of it must be reserved for another occasion. The possibility of cultural arrest, or of cultural flowering into what may easily become the highest peak of English-speaking culture in the world, though lying a little below the threshold of general attention, is scarcely less acute. Among the elements that might slow down cultural development are the presence, and the gradual absorption, of earlier types of population—Amerind, Spanish-Colonial with its strong admixture of Mexican Indian, the large Mormon Colonies in whom economic success has always been associated with a definite cultural neutrality. There are also climatic influences tending to modify the tempo of intellectual advance. And, on the other hand, very

(*Continued on page* 327)

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EDITORIALS

SUPERPOWER and giant power are approaching a head-on collision. Indications are that their impact will generate such heat that the kettle of broth now stewing inside the electrical industry will boil over onto the outside public. Readers of The Survey's giant power number (March 1, 1924) will remember the distinction between the two terms as interpreted by their leading exponents. Superpower, according to William S. Murray who conducted a superpower survey for the Department of the Interior, "would furnish power to the railroads and industries . . . and would and should fail to achieve its purpose if it should seek to supplant or even compete with existing electric utilities"; giant power, according to Gifford Pinchot and the engineers who conducted a giant power survey for the state of Pennsylvania, "is a term coined to suggest the realization of far-reaching social objectives . . . its first concern will be with the small consumer." The emphasis of superpower is upon the unhampered development of the "existing electrical utilities"; the emphasis of giant power is upon "the education of the public to the point where it can intelligently and fully cooperate with public and private enterprise . . . in the realization of far-reaching social objectives."

One of the results of the Pennsylvania Giant Power Survey has been the creation by the governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York of a Joint Power Commission to study giant and super power development in those three states and to recommend legislation for its public control (see The Survey Midmonthly for Nov. 15). The Commission at its organization meeting decided to invite the governors of Delaware, Connecticut, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia to appoint representatives to sit with the Commission as observers and advisors. This is a most formidable step toward a policy of public control of interstate power developments.

The action taken by the Administrative Board of the American Engineering Council on October 20, is interpreted by the giant power advocates as a counter-manoeuver. After Byron S. White of the Mohawk Valley Engineering Club had characterized the report and recommendation of the Pennsylvania Giant Power Survey Board as "the biggest economic mistake ever made in the United States," the Board of the Engineering Council authorized the appointment of a committee to analyze the Pennsylvania report with a view to protecting the public from being "misled." It also considered undertaking a nationwide study of public utilities to cover such questions as the proper provinces of federal and municipal regulation; "policy with reference to superpower systems"; theories of valuation, rate making and the like.

This same American Engineering Council is the body which, under the presidency of Secretary Hoover, prepared and published the reports on Waste in Industry and the Long Day in Steel. It is to be hoped that under its present administration the Council will approach its analysis of the Pennsylvania Giant Power Report with the same dispassionate concern for the public interest that characterized those two volumes.

The major present drift of opinion within the electrical industry with respect to the conflict between the superpower and giant power advocates is probably best indicated by the stirring address of Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company to the "town meeting" of the six New England States held in Worcester, Massachusetts, on November 12. Mr. Young urged the creation of a power pool for New England. "I know," he said, "that this term 'power pool' is an attractive political catchword. Unscrupulous men take advantage of it, and picture it as a great monster crouching to devour all men, women and helpless children within its reach. Let us be done with this nonsense because, in fact, it is a great servant and is subject, as it should be, to government control. . . . Suppose New England were to have a comprehensive survey made of its water powers as a whole, including studies for storage reservoirs which would improve and equalize the flow of her rivers. Suppose then her public service commissions should agree upon comprehensive plans by which these powers, when developed, could be made available on an integrated adequate network of transmission systems throughout New England. Suppose the New England states, through joint commissions, should unify their laws regarding the development and transmission of power. . . . I venture the statement that all that is needed is to clear away the legal obstacles, to pass uniform enabling acts and the intelligent, high-minded operators of utilities in New England will develop these."

The kettle is boiling. What the quality of the broth will be depends upon the alert and active interest of our citizenship. Whether the future is to superpower or giant power, whatever the technical merits of the controversy may be, there can be no doubt that America is facing today the actual emergence of a public problem as difficult and as far-reaching in its social implications as the last generation

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faced in the development of our vast railroad systems. Unless the public tends the kettle the broth may be utterly spoiled.

THE adult education movement was quite definitely lifted out of its scattered and lowly origins and made preliminarily conscious of its own importance on October 16 and 17, when some forty men and women, representing various educational movements and activities, met at Cleveland, under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation, for the purpose of working out plans for what is to be called the American Association for Adult Education. The conference was arranged by a committee of which Dean James E. Russell of Teachers College, Columbia University, was chairman, and which has been acting in an advisory capacity to the Carnegie Corporation for the past year.

Dean Russell, who presided at the Cleveland meetings, in his opening remarks made clear both the present situation in the field of adult education, and one of the very subtle dangers of the future. With respect to the first of these matters he said:

> There is no phase of current educational development that is making more rapid and significant strides than adult education. It is striking deep roots in all classes of society. It is full of vitality and promise.

This was the hopeful note of the conference. All over the country many types of educational work, some of them affecting large numbers, some of them very few, are going forward, some of the most important of them being outside the bounds of our accepted educational programs. That all these movements, taken together, should present the aspect of "vitality and promise" is unquestionable proof of the existence of many not widely known educational leaders and of very much educational effort that though not institutionalized is exceedingly effective. Indeed, President Frederick P. Keppel, of the Carnegie Corporation, said that adult education was thus "made all the more interesting by its isolation from modern educational theory and practice."

But this does not mean that these movements will be permitted to remain isolated without question. There is a type of mind that mistrusts isolated phenomena, no matter how "full of vitality and promise" they may be. Dean Russell said, further:

> This adult education is sporadic and experimental. Therefore, it offers extraordinary opportunities for cooperation, constructive suggestion and representative leadership.

That such "cooperation, constructive suggestion and representative leadership" may form a euphemism for what in certain other fields has been called "benevolent assimilation" is the danger of the future. "Representative leadership" has meant, in innumerable cases, the imposition of rigid academic patterns and molds upon theretofore vital and significant movements. To many educators, freedom is, at best, a very uncertain blessing. But there are others who, like Carl H. Milam, secretary of the American Library Association, believe in freedom. Said Mr. Milam: "There is always danger of institutionalizing the library. We want to personalize it."

It seems likely, therefore, if we may judge by the issues presented in this first conference, that the adult education movement in America will be for some years the battle ground of two types of forces—those that will want to standardize all processes and bring them under the (more or less invidious) control of present institutions; and those that will want to develop more and more free movements that are "full of vitality and promise." Fortunately, if the latter forces lose in these battles, there will always be room, as now, outside the walls, and leaders, as now, to undertake anew the endless task of keeping "vitality and promise" alive. And fortunately, also, there is still the fighting chance inside the walls that cooperation, construction and leadership may be developed as allies, rather than enemies, of personal initiative and experiment.

An' when I get a new book
I read it to de chillun—
Jimmie-ma-riley-oh!

THIS is the day in which "new books" crowd the shelves to present the Negro to himself and to the whites who have so long thought of him as a menace, or a burden, or a ward—as almost anything but the self-conscious possessor of a distinctive racial inheritance. The part which The Survey was able to play in stimulating not only the Negro's own expression of such a point of view, but a sympathetic awareness of it among white readers, through its Harlem number of March 1925, has fortunately been made the nucleus of a broader and more permanent contribution to Negro literature. With Alain Locke as editor, A. and C. Boni are bringing out The New Negro: an Interpretation—a book which incorporates much of the material originally carried in The Survey but adds to it a wealth of new matter. To quote from its foreword:

> Of all the voluminous literature on the Negro, so much is mere external view and commentary that we may warrantably say that nine-tenths of it is *about* the Negro rather than of him, so that it is the Negro problem rather than the Negro that is known and mooted in the general mind. We turn therefore in the other direction to the elements of truest social portraiture, and discover in the artistic self-expression of the Negro today a new figure on the national canvas and a new force in the foreground of affairs.

By way of carrying out this intention, the book offers a much fuller presentation of Negro belles-lettres than was possible in the magazine; adds to Harlem as a stage on which the New Negro plays his part a number of other stages; and develops in rounder discussion the constructive thought of the foremost men and women among those who may fairly be called the Negro Pioneers. Many of Winold Reiss' portraits of Negro types are included in full color.

The bit of folk-song which heads these paragraphs is used in the current issue of Opportunity in a book-review of Dorothy Scarborough's On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs. It is an index to the rapid spread of interest in the Negro's distinctive culture that for this single issue of Opportunity it has been possible to bring together critical reviews of four recent books all presenting or discussing Negro music—James Weldon Johnson's Book of American Negro Spirituals, Mr. Ballanta's Saint Helena Island Spirituals, Miss Scarborough's study, and The Negro and His Songs,

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by Professor Odum and Guy B. Johnson. In the same issue is announced a second annual contest for Negro writers which may be expected to evoke as quick and cordial a response from white judges and critics as did the showing of material brought out in the first contest, on which Zona Gale commented in Survey Graphic for June of this year.

IN a little clinic improvised in what was once Dr. Janeway's laboratory, the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University has opened an Industrial Department. The modest setting should not conceal the importance of the step. Industrial clinics—that is, clinics designed to treat illness and pathological conditions which grow out of the conditions of the patient's job—have been carried out on a small scale in New York City for ten years or more since Dr. Gilman Thompson opened the first one, but the medical schools and hospitals generally have been slow to appreciate the service which they could render through them, and the education which they could draw from them. The notable exception is Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston; and latterly Reconstruction Hospital in New York, cooperating with the New York State Department of Labor, has opened a medical service to supplement its widely known surgical and orthopedic work for the victims of industrial accidents. For every man whose hand is maimed in a machine or whose eye is pierced by a flying splinter of steel, there are dozens whose vitality is sapped by the fumes or dust in which they work, by the chemicals which they handle on the job, or the strain and fatigue of the steady standing or sitting or lifting which it requires. The new clinic at Columbia will take from the general clinic those records which indicate that the physical trouble of the patient can be traced back to his work. It will try to tell him how to counteract or avoid those conditions, and whenever possible, it will go back to the employer as well with recommendations. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Bruère tells how the garment workers have evolved a system of care and correction for themselves, but for the great majority of men and women in industry there is scant opportunity at present for such a study and treatment of illness as this.

LED by Sotero Ortis, Chairman of the Council of All the Pueblos, eleven Pueblo chiefs spent two weeks in San Francisco recently under the auspices of the Indian Defense Association, pleading through tribal song and dance as well as through speech for help in recovering their lands and for freedom to practise their religious rites. Among the delegates was "Snow-on-the-Mountain-So-Heavy-It-Bends-the-Trees," governor of Santa Clara Pueblo, who, though eighty years old, is still considered one of the finest singers among the New Mexican Indians.

Four hundred years ago Coronado, the Spanish explorer, found these Pueblo tribes farming their lands by irrigation and, according to the evidence of the archaeologist, they had been living in their well organized communities at least twenty-five hundred years before the Spaniards came. How the whites have gradually encroached on the pueblo lands, and in what duress the Indians found themselves as a result, has already been told in The Survey (Aug. 1, 1923). In a two-year campaign against the Bursum Bill, which threatened to block their recovery of the lands, the desert Indians were aroused to self-conscious effort to save their own civilization, and the nineteen pueblos came together for the first time in two hundred and fifty years to form the All-Pueblo Council. Under the law which was finally enacted in June, 1924, the Pueblo Land Title Law, (see The Survey, July 1, 1924) the Indians may bring suit to prove title and eject white settlers from the lands they claim, and the Council is now seeking to institute and finance 3,500 separate actions of this sort.

IN strophe and antistrophe, the works of war and the works of peace clamor successively for attention in the Near East. While the French mandate has been tested and shaken in Syria, Nansen has been working for an international loan of $5,000,000 which would make possible the repatriation of many Armenian refugees and the establishment of a self-supporting agricultural citizenry in Armenia. And meanwhile on a smaller scale the Near East Relief has been preparing the way for better farming in Armenia in the years to come by giving agricultural training to some of its orphan wards.

It is now announced that Professor O. S. Morgan, who heads the department of agriculture at Columbia University, will spend his sabbatical year in the Near East studying this phase of relief work and contributing to its development. His appointment recalls the similar role played by R. R. Reeder, who surveyed the Near East Relief's orphan program a year or two ago and recommended a vigorous placing-out policy. Professor Morgan, who will begin his work next summer, will study not only the agricultural training now being given by the Near East Relief, but the peculiar agricultural problems of the territory concerned: soils, crops and the advantageous use of modern farm machinery.

The farm training now being given centers chiefly at the Farm School near Mt. Ararat, where land assigned for the purpose by the government is being worked by boy and girl orphans. One ranch of twenty-five square miles was the property of a grand duke, and here the scrawny scrub cattle bought to feed forty thousand orphans were fattened. Twelve hundred boys and girls of twelve to fifteen are being taught the rudiments of agriculture by supervised work in the fields at a school farm twenty miles from the ranch, and are helping to produce food for eleven thousand of their fellows. The land is said to be as fertile as that of Kansas. A model herd is being built up around a nucleus of eight selected bulls given by Armenians in America, and selected seed from America is being tried out in the local soils. Training on a smaller scale is going on at other Near East orphanages, as for example in the orchards and gardens of Oropos, near Athens; on the island of Syra in the Aegean, where the Near East hens produce two hundred eggs a year instead of the national average of sixty-five; on the "Nazareth Farm," where one hundred and thirty boys of twelve have reaped thirty acres of good hard wheat.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

THERE are times when one wonders whether the complicated introspections of our present-day novelists can have any significance for the practical problems of society at all. Those comfortably objective days when one could follow Mr. Dickens in an attack upon the Courts of Chancery, drift with Mr. Hardy into the complete but conceivably remediable tragedy of the double standard, discover with Mr. Galsworthy the existence of the class struggle or even learn from Mr. Tarkington that the industrial age is an economic turmoil, seem very far away from this newer fictional world whose tragedies are chiefly characterized by the fact that there is never under any circumstances anything to be done about them. One wanders in vain through the fall book lists to find a point of approach. Willa Cather, it is true, can be detected in a half-hearted and parenthetical assault upon the Smithsonian Institute; but as a rule our institutions, even the institution of marriage as such, have ceased to interest. Under the most objective of methods, like that for example of Louis Bromfield's Possession, the conflict remains wholly an inward one; the adversary is not in the controllable facts of society but in what Edgar Saltus liked to call "the immedicable misery" of life itself. These books seem mainly to express that ultimate futility of any human organization to which the only answer appears to be an inactive fatalism. The novelists have no longer any concern with the weighted averages of prosperity or the incidence of the divorce rate. These things no longer matter.

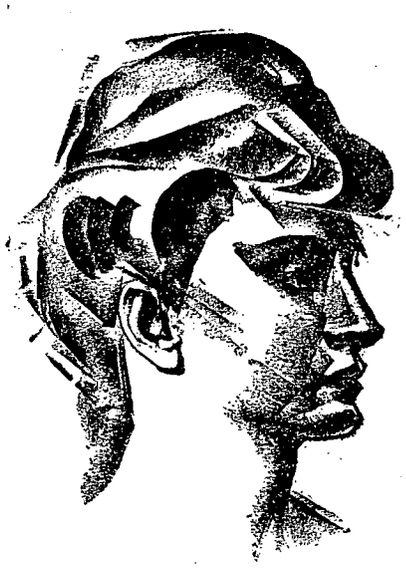
We are told, for instance, that this is the economic age; but here there are none of those vivid dramas of economic maladjustment with which earlier writers discovered realism and the industrial revolution. Konrad Bercovici in The Marriage Guest has drawn a delicate and sympathetic picture of the effects of economic change upon one of New York's immigrant colonies, but it is not the outward facts of poverty and wealth which interest him; it is those subtler inner histories bound up in humanity's attempts to adjust itself to environment.

Again, we are told that our morals are in dissolution; but the novelists omit to discuss either the joys of release or the possible damaging consequences of venereal disease. The war is not now waged over the conventions; they have become merely given elements in the *terrain* over which these more personal battles are fought out. Whether the principal characters are abandoning their lives, like Mr. Anderson's *Dudley,* or remaining with their husbands like Mr. Bromfield's *Ellen Tolliver,* we find that instead of a question in ethics, either public or private, we have only a question of fate. Even a writer like Margaret Wilson, who follows an older tradition, seems to bring in her ethics almost by main force. Her heroine marries the wrong man, and the point of the novel lies in the victory which she wins for the right man through remaining faithful to her husband. *Emily Kenworthy* thinks, like her creator, in ethical terms; one cannot avoid the feeling that she acts through chance and destiny. What Conrad calls "the moral discovery which should be the object of every tale" is singularly absent; and it is chiefly in his moral discoveries that the individual becomes a social being.

Even the burning question of the Younger Generation fades away in this queerly fatalistic background. Wilbur Daniel Steele attempts a modern young woman, but he gets little farther than those romantic reactions toward the new youth which have so often covered the pages of the elder novelists. And if one makes the mistake of applying to Mrs. Atherton one finds something of that curious hardness, self-sufficiency, precociousness which seem to constitute a problem in our young people, only to be told in the end that it is all a matter of the endocrines and "a submerged part of your ego." In such cheerfully mechanistic theories, as in the attitude of less superficial writers, one finds neither opportunity nor necessity for social control—one finds, in fact, very little except a dispassionate argument for mass suicide.

But if the verdict of our novelists seems to be that there is nothing the matter with life except life itself, the verdict is obviously of immense importance. And if the struggle has become a purely personal one, it is yet interesting to trace its main strategies and tactics. Mr. Bromfield's Possession —a fine and massive work, and almost the only one among these volumes that seems to have the dimensions of a book—is a novel of the transition, the transition that is fundamental to American social history. His heroine is the ambitious daughter of a middle western family of pioneers; there is great wealth in the family, but she belongs to one of the unsuccessful branches, and like those younger sons who came over with Columbus and the Cabots she must take up the cycle and make her own way again.

Only this time—"I no longer have any frontier; I must turn back again to the East." It is the old story of our changing social strata, with the direction merely reversed. She feels she must escape from



Gertrude Atherton, author of The Crystal Cup

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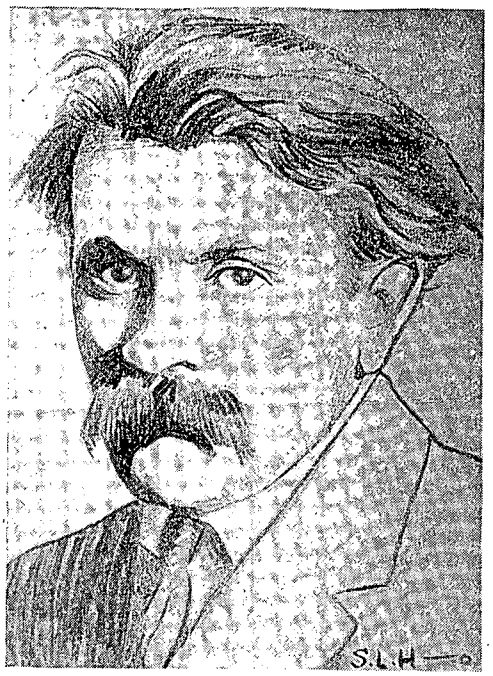
the narrowness of the Middle West into the freedom of New York and Paris precisely as her ancestors escaped from the narrowness of Paris and New York into the physical freedom of the prairies. The one movement, like the other, is a problem in avoidance, in escape from restraints, claims and social values when they oppose the individual's integrity; in a refusal, as the title indicates, to be possessed. The "frontier" in contemporary society is as real as it ever was in the days of the westward march; and in *Ellen Tolliver's* magnificent and successful assault upon it there is precisely the same kind of failure and the same kind of price to be paid which the physical frontier demanded. When the book closes she is an internationally famous musician, "freed at last of all those old bonds, possessed now only by the beauty of the sounds she made. But she was alone."



Konrad Bercovici, author of The Marriage Guest

Her wealthy French-Levantine patroness, the window of an American millionaire and a representative of our cosmopolitan society of the rich which has fascinated so many novelists, tells her "you will not be free until you do what you see fit . . . regardless of anyone." What she holds out as the only practicable rule is the negation of society and the author has underlined the point with Clarence *Murdock, Ellen's* first husband, whose ambition to be free ended, because he was not able to follow the rule, in his suicide. There is one character alone who comes off with complete victory—the nonogenarian grandfather who has defeated life simply by turning his back upon it. Mr. Bromfield calls him The Everlasting; that is irony, perhaps, but not exactly cynicism—it is a little too real.

THE connection of this with Mr. Van Vechten's very dissimilar Firecrackers would be apparent, even if one minor character did not actually appear, by the same name, in both. Possession is a study in the *arriviste;* Firecrackers is (to borrow a phrase from Guedalla) a picture of the *arrivistes* who have arrived. These people are the beneficiaries of the best that our social system has to offer; but one finds that among them social obligations and values have sunk to an almost complete insignificance, and one is reminded, illuminatingly, of Mr. Congreve. Here is life at the top of the scale; if there is anything to be got out of it, it is merely amusement to pass away an essentially undesirable existence. Mr. Van Vechten's brilliant satires on select dinner parties, on the Wall Street business men who go to their offices only to escape their wives, and on the Park Avenue wives who support their husbands only to escape themselves, on salvation by physical culture and on the cash value of purity, on prohibition and on fashionable art, are valuable less as statements of fact (which perhaps they are not) than as illustrations of an attitude. The satire can be found elsewhere, as in Charles Brackett's Week-End, but Mr. Van Vechten informs it with a philosophy. He begins with the old discovery that "there appeared to be no justification in life," and the best that his *Gunnar O'Grady,* who like *Ellen Tolliver* desires "complete freedom," can do about it is to seek to cultivate everything "inside one's self." This is no more than what the author's famous *Campaspe Lorillard* has been doing assiduously throughout the earlier books, and it is another denial of social values. It is an escape from responsibilities and facts, which turn out to be meaningless, into the resources of the personality; it means that the only hope is in assuming the armor of cynicism, indifference and self-possession, and in making the best of it. Other people are either amusing or else they are dull; emotions are either inconveniences or else raging enemies of the soul.

There is even one of those curious amorous episodes into which sophisticated authors so often attempt to distill the mystery of passion. Desire, being a fact, is something which cannot be ignored by these excessively clear-eyed people, but the only object of either of the two parties is to get it over and get done with it with the least possible damage to the precious integrity of their own precious personalities. Perhaps this represents as workable an ideal of life as any other; but it is certainly a lonely one and no great argument for improving the standard of living. One suspects that Mr. Van Vechten's people would not be quite so self-possessed if they were not quite so well fed, and it is hardly an accident that when *Gunnar* is first introduced he is trying to get meaning into his life by acting as a furnace man.

THIS feeling of dissatisfaction with the civilized existence, the revolt, as it might be put, against the bathtub, haunts almost all these books with an insistence that must be the despair of the sensitive economist. Ernest Poole's rather tenuous little study of a flat-dwelling child is only a reiteration of the belief that the lower middle class struggle for an income and a position in our modern city brings out the worst in people, and that the reward of success is not worth it. We would be led to believe that the spirit can only prosper in the more direct struggle with nature which our age has so largely abandoned.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's Taboo ends in a flaming rebellion against cities and societies; his hero is a successful business man who takes in the end to a small yacht and the open sea. It is true that Mr. Steele is interested in a short-story writer's situation rather than in a thesis, but even that seems characteristic of the novelists' present mood. A book which announces itself as a study in taboos contains no social criticism of the taboo at all. It supplies only the psychological record of a man who happened to get caught in one; just as another book might detail the emotions of a man who had been run over by an automobile without offering any suggestions as to the solution of the traffic problem. But this feeling that there is an uncomfortable amount of traffic appears elsewhere than in these books. It struggles

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everywhere in Dark Laughter, one of whose characters exclaims against the "impotence" of civilized life as ordinary men must lead it; one guesses it in the dissatisfactions of Mrs. Atherton's psycho-physical heroine, and one finds it, a little unexpectedly, in Mr. Bercovici's German immigrants.

The Marriage Guest presents with a fine sympathy the queer problem created by the gap between the older and the younger generations in our immigrant populations. It is the tragedy (or perhaps, it is so difficult nowadays to tell, only the pathos) of Americanization when it is seen from the side of the Americanized. The old German craftsmen and artisans who established their shops in New York's East Side a generation ago find themeslves slowly and appallingly overcome by their own success as it is carried forward by their sons and daughters. The American spirit—quick returns, machine production, business by bluff and speculation riding on the never failing tide of New York's population increase—leaves them helpless at the hands of what they feel to be the meretricious prosperity of their children. The violin repairer sees his shop converted into a thriving music store; the baker watches his sons dismantling his hand oven to make way for their mechanical bread baking on a quantity scale; the cigar-maker and the saloonkeeper stand helplessly aside as the old German ideals fade before the imperious demands of this alien culture. There is the young musician brought over to conduct the Gesangverein—the representative of the German tradition—who is driven by a sudden despair to convert the themes from his unfinished oratorio into popular song hits that make him wealthy. And there is the curious, the doubtless symbolic, figure of the violin maker's daughter, who marries one of the pushing young Americanized Germans rather than the musician, only to cherish the latter, when she has discovered her mistake, as her spiritual husband and the spiritual father of her own daughter.

IT is an essay in economic change; but as has been pointed out, it is not really economics, it is merely humanity struggling with its own limitations. And there is no moral—only a very gentle irony of fate. The handworkers end with an odd victory, because after all the new wealth of the machine age is ready to appreciate and to pay exorbitantly for craftsmanship. But on the other hand the flashy business methods of the children prove also to be their own queer justification; after erecting a crazy financial structure upon nothing at all they find that the very wildness of their insolvency preserves them intact. In America everything is possible—and nothing makes so very much sense.

That is perhaps why The Professor's House by Willa Cather is as satisfactory a summary as any of what appears to be the novelists' attitude. The point of the book lies in the fact that she leaves it perfectly pointless. Miss Cather assembles a vigorously interesting family out of the cultivated American middle class; they wander casually and fragmentarily through her pages; she pauses to comment upon the unsatisfactory nature of bureaucracy or to overhear her professor's critique of the force which *Tom Outland's* upsetting heritage symbolizes: "No, I don't think much of science as a phase of human development . . . I don't think you help people by making their conduct of no importance," but in the end nothing happens. Unless a truer statement is that in the end everything has happened. These are all very vivid human beings, involved in all of humanity's minor doubts and difficulties, but there are no heroes or heroines, no particular beginnings and no conclusions. Miss Cather is not interested in their passions but simply in their lives; and about life she finds it possible to say only that one lives it, and that when it is over it is over.

Both Mr. Van Vechten's and Mr. Bromfield's characters consciously withdraw themselves from the claims of human relationships; Miss Cather's *Professor* on the other hand has accepted them all, he has given himself to his family, his friend, his work, his obligations, but at last he, like the others, is quite alone. For a time that discovery leaves him with a sense of helplessness, but then he looks back to see wherein he had made his mistake. The answer is that "he had never learned to live without delight. And he would have to learn to just as, in a prohibition country, he supposed he would have to learn to live without sherry." Miss Cather has the materials for a clash of civilizations, the forgotten Pueblo on the Mesa, the Spanish adventurers, the college town on the lake, and the impinging commercialization of science—but she leaves them at loose ends, like the lives of her characters.

LIFE in the Eighteenth Century novel was broadly an adventure; life in the Nineteenth Century novel seems very often to have been a public meeting. But one cannot go through these books without feeling that life with our contemporary observers has become a private, and generally unsuccessful, effort to escape. The authors are not engaging existence; they are rather in full flight from it. There are no longer problems to be solved; there are merely facts to be accepted or avoided. The escape may be into one's self, into ambition, into external beauty, into passion, or even (rarely) into rectitude, but it never quite succeeds. Miss Cather is willing to call it square and let things go at that. The kind of harmony at which she arrives may be the only possible one, it may even be a desirable one, but it has nothing to do with social dynamics. Objective preoccupations with the attainment of the good life are illusory—there is no great external misery or wrong or injustice that can command human enthusiasms, but neither is there in the end any way of overcoming the deficiencies of things as they are. If we are to take the word of the novelists, in all classes and sections of the community the fault, the real fault, is in ourselves—and the sociologists can make what they can out of it.

WALTER MILLIS

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A Pilgrim's Progress in Politics

FRED HOWE needed no apologia pro sua vita. He has fought the good fight. But since he found it in his heart to tell his story, he has in The Confessions of a Reformer given us a guide book to the liberal movement in the United States for the last quarter century and more. Here is the pilgrim's progress of a political idealist through the muck and mire of the Cleveland City Council, the Ohio senate, the Immigration Office at Ellis Island during world war hysteria, past the siren songs of the Paris peace conferance to his present hopeful serenity in a kind of sea-side Academy on the sand dunes at Nantucket—his own School of Opinion. He sought always, as did Christian, the City Beautiful. "The possibility of a free, orderly, and beautiful city became to me an absorbing passion. . . . The city was the enthusiasm of my life. . . . And with all its crudities and failures I have never lost faith that that American city will become a thing of beauty and an agency of social service as yet unplumbed." To make Cleveland this city beautiful of his vision was the "crusade of my youth, the greatest adventure of my life" and that he did help make Cleveland more beautiful is clearly the most consoling achievement of a life of high endeavor in which, however, there is always a sense of defeat, both outward and inward.

I can only sketch the outlines of a book on every page of which is wisdom for the social idealist. It is a plain book, plainly written, with little adornment, but full of experience and suppressed suffering. So it is impossible to pick out the best—there are many bests. Roughly there are four parts: education in the faith that we can have democracy by intelligence; political battling to make this intelligence count in Cleveland; free-lance services to the larger needs of democracy as a liberal officer of immigration and advocate of minor peoples at Paris, as editor and director of creative movements in labor, such as the Plumb Plan and the Conference for Progressive Political Action, ending in 1924 when he traveled with Robert M. La Follette—"probably the best-loved man in America"—on that last campaign; and now the final peace-seeking of what had always been a dual desire. Here he has withdrawn into a kind of island monastery "to cultivate his garden" whether in the ancient earth or in his own soul. "Unobligated to movements or reforms, I find a kind of verity that I did not know before. I have few mental conflicts and get a warmth and joy out of life that are new to me. . . . I respect my previous activities and would not want my life to have been without them. I believe in reform, but prefer the reform that is taking place within myself."

The revelation of the book is in these few last pages, a revelation his whole generation was slow to learn—that democracy abides in the separate soul as a kind of aristocracy of the spirit, and only pitches its tents in progressive movements that are not fast enough to defeat either greed or inertia, or in regulatory laws that do not regulate, in statecraft however unselfish, or in the state even, however Utopianly conceived or manned. Of course in the present story there is something of weariness, a sort of shell shock from years in the first-line trenches, and there is the acknowledged burden of the advancing years, but in essence it is the story of a generation, the story of Everyman, the idealist, for these twenty-five years.

The story begins with the birth of a faith. Howe imbibed it while becoming a doctor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins where he roomed with Newton Baker and Westel Willoughby and sat under Richard T. Ely and Herbert Adams and Woodrow Wilson. He was suckled in the new freedom where it was taught that the liberated intelligence of scholar statesmen would direct democracy for the people's good. This ideal of directing state affairs by disinterested intelligence was in the air, and even then Woodrow Wilson was its prophet. Mr. Howe appraises him as a devotee of the English concept of control of the state by gentlemen scholars—a man who lived in a world of dreams where his reveries were those of the student, and the historian of the Victorian age when men were measured by ideological standards rather than by the more realistic canons of today.

The second step is fullest of lessons for the youth who now are eager to help the world. Howe tried journalism and settlement work as ways of making his ideal count—and was dissatisfied. He went into law, landed in Cleveland, and enlisted in the Ten Years War for a free city under Tom Johnson. This is his best and most vivid story, the campaigns of his youth, under a leader of whom he draws an unforgettable picture, and who he still declares was "one of the greatest statesmen America has produced." Here the crusaders had a worthy leader, one converted to the Single-Tax as Saul on the road to Damascus, who had made a fortune in the camp of the enemy, and was now devoting his economic knowledge and political skill to displace the monopoly system under which he had erected his own fortune. Here idealism grappled with the enemy on its own field, fighting for public ownership of street-car lines as the first step toward the city beautiful. It was practical politics with a vengeance, and ended in a partial victory, with Tom Johnson poor again, and Howe doubtful of the whole issue and at war within himself, and an alien among his friends and colleagues of the old order. He found himself aligned with a political machine, and at outs with most of the scholar gentlemen, busy enough at law and finance. He was cut off from his class with whom he preferred to live. "I liked wealth and the things that went with wealth."

Then follow several chapters of real Confessions, and these are given, I feel, not because they are mere personalia, but because they throw light on all the men who wanted to live in both camps, who wanted to build the dream city and live in it at the same time. The chapter Conflict and Compromise is on Howe's struggles to save his soul in the law, his profession, and ends by agreeing with Voltaire's *mot*—"the law is the conservator of ancient abuses." This crusader could not be happy in a profession where he found both judges and lawyers making a living out of litigation and wherein real devotion to justice was through choice or necessity conventional and spasmodic. The chapter closes: "Constant dilemmas of compromise brought me face to face with the problem of wealth without labor," and prefaces the next in which this liberal reformer discusses his personal solution of the money matter. This chapter is one of the two that should be in every life that pretends to interpret a human being, but generally isn't. Most biography, still more autobiography, dodges the two main factors in any man's progress: how he made a living and how he met the sex problem. These deepest springs of action are skimmed as if unessential, or at any rate not matters of enquiry

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among the well-bred. But why be well-bred in post-mortem for the sake of knowledge? I often wonder what light would be thrown on the group that included Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Henry Cabot Lodge, and others if the inside story of how they earned or got the wherewithal of life were actually told with the frankness Mr. Howe exhibits. I do not mean to imply that their wealth, little or large, was a reflection on them, or a theme for muck-raking, but that as in the present case they faced their dilemma and made their compromises, and that all this made their psychology and guided their actions in the field of public affairs.

Perhaps here was born that dissatisfied duality in Howe that found peace only at Nantucket. He divided men into those who, great or small, make a living by work, and those who secure or inherit wealth and social position simply by controlling some essential of modern existence. He saw how unearned wealth came, and his ability and connections enabled him to secure some small share. He confesses: "I wanted wealth . . . to make a living as easily as possible. But there was no field of activity in which I could acquire wealth without violating some of my convictions." It was to be gained in private exploitation of public utilities, in monopolies bred under tariff privileges, in unsocial land speculation. Must he then refuse to accept anything he did not produce? He might withdraw to the woods as an artificial Crusoe, but his abstention would not change conditions. He accepted the compromise but vowed to keep his ideals straight. And did, but apparently at great cost to his own peace. I believe that most liberals do about the same thing and justify it to themselves about the same way. Perhaps anything else is quixotic folly. But they never confess, and so undermine their own self-confidence, and often come under the lashing scorn of the labor element in society. It was a blessing for his generation that Fred Howe somehow got money enough to be independent and serve without grinding himself to death in the tread-mill of making a living. But it is a dangerous adventure, and the price is often a man's soul. One must live, and live under the present system, but can one uproot the thing he accepts?

I think this frankness will help many a young man who has hitched his wagon to a star for the next crusade. He may vow poverty or accept a retainer while he bores from within, but he will do it with open eyes, and know the truth about himself. But the most moving moral from this book for the young and hopeful about society who would help its sufferings, and so seek wisdom from the just receding figures of these crusaders who are going home to the fireside and tale-telling is that they all seem somehow to have felt defeated. Howe strikes this note in his chapter on pre-war radicals, and partly reveals the thing in himself. The world feels that he did a fine job well. But he doubts, and in his brilliant sketches of his colleagues he leaves the same sense of spiritual frustration. Lincoln Steffens wakened us to the shame of our cities, but was at heart an artist. Brand Whitlock hated brutality and made his home a little sanctuary of beauty and intellectual freedom, yet he told Howe after he had been through hell in Belgium that he had tested every political philosophy and found them wanting save Henry George's ideal of a free state with free resources. "But," said he, "the world is not interested in such a simple reform. It wants too much government, too much regulation, too much policing. And it may never change." Clarence Darrow is pictured as a biologic realist who said that society could not be saved and wasn't worth saving anyhow and to whom "the world was equally unmoral above as well as below."

These vignettes on characters who are already growing mythical are among the best things in the book. Charles R. Crane is limned in the phrase—"His enthusiasms are as original as his generosity is modest." The Public under Louis F. Post is described as heartening all the liberals. "It was the best mirror of pre-war liberalism that we had; a reading of its pages discloses the the fineness, the intellectuality, the hopefulness of that movement which was the last protest of the democracy of the pioneer period still under the influence of the free land of the West."

"What," he continues, "has become of this movement that promised so much twenty years ago? What has become of the pre-war radicals? They had a large following; their voices inspired America during the years that preceded the war. They gave themselves without stint, they fought for the most part alone, and they felt that a change was impending that would end the abuses that had come with the rise of great wealth, based for the most part on the unparalleled resources of America." Then he calls the roll —names we associate with fighting against graft, privilege and monopoly, with campaigns for municipal ownership and tax reform, with flaming protests against infringement of human rights, with political insurgency and such watchcries as the initiative, referendum and recall; with—if we were to search for a clue to distinguish them from other leadership in those years—the single tax movement and its natural allies in the cause of democracy and liberalism. Steffens spends most of his time in Europe. Brand Whitlock has gone back to literature, Newton Baker to the law. Fremont Older edits the San Francisco Call. Joseph W. Folk is dead. La Follette persisted almost alone in the fight. "Most of the radicals have laid down their arms. Was the fight too hard? Did youth burn itself out? Has the movement become a class struggle, finding its leaders among the farmers and workers? May it be—as some of them feel—that there is little for liberals to do? Though the old order decays, the new order cannot be rushed. It must come in its own way."

Did they fail? If so why? Who are their successors and on what field is the new battle pitched These are the solemn questions that ring in the heart when you have finished this big, courageous, wide-sweeping book. It is a fine tale that is told here, with a wealth of wisdom garnered and laid by for the inspiration and instruction of onrushing youth. Even the story of their mistakes profits much, and the picture of their final acquiescence teaches, as I hope I have shown, its own lesson. If they failed at all perhaps it was from pride of intellect and impatience. They wanted to do greatly, and the sense of failure is in seeing how far short of reaching their aims they fell. But after all how much they won! Life in America is better for what they did and suffered. They could not foresee a world war. They could not foresee that labor would attain such power that the old formulas were no longer needed. They could not see the vast outpouring of wealth that has made the democracy satisfied even though it be not beautiful. No man can foresee and no man's ideal ever comes true. But if a man fights the good fight for his day what more can we ask? LEON WHIPPLE

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER, *by Fred C. Howe. Charles Scribner's Sons. 352 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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A PLEA FOR A CLINICAL YEAR IN THE COURSE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDY

(*Continued from page 277*)

The hospital superintendent must be able to count upon the students for regular hours of work, as the French army officers could count on the priests who acted as stretcher-bearers at the front. He must have the right to prohibit the presence of such students as are found to be "trouble makers," incompetents and hopeless blunderers, just as he now excludes similar misfits among medical students. But if theological students, guided by their teachers, will submit at the outset to such just and reasonable regulations of their activities, they will soon find their presence not only tolerated but demanded. They will soon come to fill an essential place in the institution and pressure will come from the superintendent for a lengthening of their term of service, just as the medical interne's service has gradually been lengthened from nine months to nearly two years.

What is the minister or the theological student to do in these institutions He is to look after the minds, the emotions, the wills, the souls of the inmates as the doctors and nurses now care for their physical welfare. Against this doctors and nurses will certainly insist that they are already caring for the whole patient, body and soul. But just as certainly, they are not doing so. Their attention is too strongly concentrated on the excessively difficult and delicate tasks of diagnosis and treatment. There is not enough attention left to go round. In the purely medical job there is so much to remember, so much to puzzle over, so much to construct and invent, that very few physicians or surgeons have any fresh attention left to give to such problems as: "What is this man thinking about? How is he occupied when I, his physician, am not here? How does he get on with those who care for his daily physical needs (nurses, ward-tenders, attendants) What in his past and in his future is he worrying about? How do his domestic and his economic ties enter into the attitude with which he is now facing his illness and the decisions (operation? convalescent home? change of work?) which it involves? Has he any recreation, any refreshment, anything to occupy his thoughts and his hands, anything to make his days seem to him worth while? Does he have any reason to believe that any of those engaged in caring for him have any *personal* interest in him (not merely a professional or diffused interest)?"

His physician may retort that the patient is too sick to think of any of these things and would be worse, not better, if anyone (especially a clergyman) forced him to think of them. In some diseases—such as typhoid fever, meningitis, the somnolent or the maniacal phases of insanity, facial neuralgia with sharp pain—this contention is entirely just. The patient's body is then all that we can care for. His soul is not in evidence. But such cases form a small minority of those in any great institution. For the majority there is a great deal to be done which doctors and nurses neglect or have no time for but which the minister and the theological student can perfectly well fit themselves to do and which cryingly needs to be done.

This is especially true of our great public institutions for the insane. Ordinarily hospitals for the sick are invaded by a good many persons who prevent the abuse

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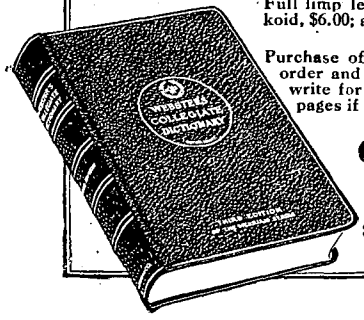

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of patients. Friends and relatives may be there almost every day; women visit the wards in the afternoon; social workers are on hand and even the presence of medical students (as I have said) tends to keep up standards, primarily of physical care, but also of humane treatment. But in hospitals for the insane, there are few visitors, few social service workers, very few medical students. Most of the attendants and nurses are very low paid and this fact, combined with the disagreeableness and hopelessness of the job and sometimes with the element of real danger in it, make it rarely possible to obtain attendants of a caliber such as to ensure their giving the patients considerate and compassionate care. In a few wards of a few hospitals, the presence of "occupational aides" (i.e. teachers of handicrafts) has begun to lessen the evils that are otherwise inevitable.

Now and then we hear stories of terrible abuse of the insane by their attendants in public hospitals. Such abuses are quite unavoidable so long as the prices paid to attendants and the quarters and opportunities given them are what they are. Even at the best, the task of caring for the insane is hard, thankless, monotonous, discouraging in the extreme. The type of attendant to be obtained, at the price the state is willing to pay for, can rarely face such a job without becoming hardened and inattentive, if not cruel.

In my belief the only persons who can be relied upon to face such terrible work continuously and yet to retain their best human qualities are persons of a dedicated life, persons who feel the call to serve their fellows as the first thing in life, reason sufficient for happiness when such service is found, whether there are any of the ordinary rewards that men strive for or not. Such a body of persons is more often in the clergy and in the religious orders than anywhere else that I know. Hence for the protection of the unfortunate insane I can think of no event of happier promise than the "clinical year" for theological students, a part of which might be given to the care of the insane. Even though there were not enough men to take the entire care of these poor souls, the presence in the wards of an asylum of even a few students and teachers of Christian ideals and steady compassion would be of the greatest value.

This, like all innovations, would be resisted by the authorities until they came to understand it and until the theologians had become sufficiently initiated in the ways of asylums and in the habits of doctors' minds to adapt themselves successfully to the routine. Until then we should hear it said that theologians were out of place in a medical institution and had better stick to their own job. I have been through all that in the years when I was trying to get social service started at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Our workers were barely tolerated for the first few years. They, too, were told that they had no place in a medical institution and that the administrative officers were already doing all that we proposed to do. So it was in the same hospital, fifty years earlier, when my uncle, Dr. Samuel Cabot, fought the rest of the medical staff to obtain the admission of nurses in training, and was told that only a medically trained man could be trusted to carry out such delicate scientific procedures as taking a patient's temperature with a clinical thermometer. But if one is patient and can win a chance to demonstrate the usefulness of a new type of service, the patent facts wear down fictitious opposition, in time.

The clinical year for theological students will then be a

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godsend alike to the students (and their teachers) and to the institutions where their experience is gathered—experience, I repeat, in applied theology, in the practice of gospel Christianity—not in any secular science or merely sociological discipline.

What Dr. Worcester and I tried to suggest in our talks with the students in Cambridge we knew that we could not teach merely by word of mouth. We realized that it must be learned by combining class room discussions with such "clinical work" as I have been urging here.

Talking the matter over with theological students at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge and at Union Theological Seminary in New York, it seems to me that the idea of a clinical year appeals to them very strongly. Given a taste of "clinical work" through the talks that I have been describing, the men have felt that they want more. They felt that they did not wish to start parish work without more definite experience and practice in dealing with the sorrows and troubles of their parishioners.

I have not had so good an opportunity to talk the matter over with teachers in theological seminaries, but so far as I have approached them on the subject, I found them quite ready to listen, even to agree. But I realize that until some great leader like Harry E. Fosdick takes up the plea within the ranks of the theological teachers themselves, no outsider is likely to attain much success. To such leaders I appeal. I beg them to give serious consideration to the plan here suggested, to modify and improve it as their wisdom suggests, but to grasp and develop whatever soul of truth there may be in it.

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DAMASCUS

(*Continued from page 281*)

the Christian quarter of the city left defenceless by the unexpected withdrawal from it of all French troops.

The primary demand of Syrian nationalists six months ago was for autonomy; subsequent events have led to an even stronger demand for nothing short of independence. An American university president, born in Syria and resident there for thirty years, declared at an official gathering in Paris in 1919 that Syria is more advanced now than the American colonies were at the time they acquired independence. There are thousands of college graduates in the country, and the people as a whole are intelligent and alert.

French "advisory control" has admittedly been a euphemism in so far as the term has ever been applied at all. The high commissioner is the sole link between the Federated States and the other four sections of Syria. It is he therefore who formulates general policies for the whole of the mandated territory. In each of the separate states French representatives of the high commissioner have been placed; without their sanction no legislation may be enacted and no decrees promulgated. In some states the governor himself has been a Frenchman, but in any case the will of the high commissioner is expected to be done. To this end the native governors are furnished with French advisers, and each member of the executive body of the state also finds his official actions directed by a French colleague.

It was the imposition of an alien governor upon the district of Jebel Druse which, in fact, precipitated the present crisis. The independent and proud inhabitants of the district had long enjoyed, under Ottoman rule, the privilege of nominating their own governor, subject to ratification by the Sublime Porte. It was understood that the French would allow the Druses a corresponding degree of autonomy, but as early as 1921 General Gouraud sent a couple of detachments of troops to occupy the district; and in 1924 General Weygand, the then high commissioner, appointed to Jebel Druse as governor a Captain Carbillet who had seen service as a military official in Senegal and had no aptitude for handling as high-spirited a community as the Druses. In June strong representations were made to the new high commissioner, General Sarrail, to remove Captain Carbillet and put in his place a French official less obnoxious to the Druses. But General Sarrail turned a deaf ear.

Syrians have not been ungrateful for the extraordinary cultural and educational privileges given them for so many years by French institutions scattered throughout the country. But, infected with the Western disease of nationalism, they have no wish to bend their necks to Western imperial domination. Aroused by the Allies during the war to fight for their independence from Ottoman rule, they resent the substitution of control by Paris for control by Constantinople. Having been definitely promised a considerable measure of self-determination, they reject a mandate which has offered them no experience in self-government and little hope of eventual independence. Preached to concerning the blessings of Christianity and of Western civilization, they are injured by a harsh military rule and widespread economic depression. They are justified in asking the world to make their case a test of good faith in the trusteeship which the West has proudly assumed over the Arabs.

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I. Q. 73
(*Continued from page* 284)

getting redder and redder, and the nickels and dimes rattling from his upturned pockets and rolling under the table. We would have let him stay there until he dropped, except that we knew that he had meant this last trick to finish us, and so ludicrous was his appearance, that we were afraid that it would have the same softening effect on us that Tilly's tricks did on him.

"Get up—or down," we commanded sternly, and he reversed himself at once, mopping his face with the comment, "Often do it for Tilly. Wife won't let me do it for my grandchildren. Afraid I'll get apoplexy. Got to die somehow. As good a way as any. Tilly likes it, so she can clean up on the nickels. Makes me balance a few bills on the edge. If they fall out she gets them. If they don't, gets them anyhow."

"Ever hear of Stugel's gun?" he asked, panting a trifle, but otherwise unruffled by his exertion. "Big affair. Worked by a spring. Put a man inside. Shoot him into a net. Circuses used it at one time. Made a great hit. Stugel was my uncle. He invented it. Tried it on our farm. Shot me into a haystack many a time. Thought of going into the circus myself. Was a good tumbler in a small way. Well, well," he sighed, "those were the days. Getting old, but I'd enjoy that gun as much as ever. Yes, yes, those were the days," he went on dreamily. Then he bounced up—"Gotta go. Keep Tilly out of my sight, or I'll be the same old fool. Never mind the change. Let the woman who cleans up have it. Tilly'll get it if she don't"—and he went out leaving us in a more hopeless state than we had ever been before as regards Matilda's affairs.

By what turn of the wheel had Fortune brought such an aged Harlequin and such a scatter-brained Columbine together? And must the bewitched Scotchman be ground between them, as between the upper and the nether millstone? Apparently that was to be his destiny. We could not go on protecting him forever. We argued again faint-heartedly with all of them, but as usual they had the endurance to wear us down. Moreover, whereas our dispositions began to show some signs of wear, and Andy's stubbornness occasionally got on edge, Matilda and Mr. Stugel were as unassailable as summer clouds. Nothing touched them. Nothing could hurt them, and nothing, apparently, could stop them.

We were to leave the city soon afterwards for our vacation. There was a hot spell, which had driven us with all the world into the parks, where whole families, collars and shoes off, lay under the trees or dabbled in the fountains. The cold drink men did a thriving business, and a merry-go-round with its wheezing brass piano was turning gayly in the midst of the green. As we sauntered past, our eyes rested on Andy, gazing sourly into the whirling throng. We did not want to accost him. We too, were wilted by the heat, and we did not feel equal to discussing him and his fortunes, with the thermometer at 89° at 9 P. M. As we turned softly behind him to avoid his gaze, we glanced in the direction where his eyes were fixed. They were riveted upon a wooden camel in the merry-go-round which had been so arranged that as the riders rotated, it

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took on at the same time, an up and down, a sidewise, and a forward motion, simulating very cleverly a ship of the desert well under the influence of liquor. On the camel sat Mr. Stugel, red of face, with his straw hat resting on his collar. From his open mouth burst spasmodic shouts of laughter so loud and gay, that every spectator, excepting Andy, was laughing with him. On a neighboring hobby horse of slightly more conservative gyrations, sat Matilda. Her hair was streaming, her fancy slippers stuck out on either side, and her hands waved a greeting to the thrifty Andy every time she passed. We took in the situation at a glance. Andy had spent all the dimes he cared to, and perhaps had taken as many rides at Mr. Stugel's expense as he thought proper. He was therefore ready for less expensive entertainment. But for Mr. Stugel and Matilda, the evening had only just begun, and poor Andy could think of nothing better to do than to stand and glare at both of them. We tip-toed warily into the throng. We were not equal to the crisis. Let them settle it themselves. We were glad that vacation was at hand, and that we could escape, leaving them to whatever midsummer madness might attack them next.

Of course the madness which attacked them was a hasty marriage. What other outcome was possible but for Andy to ask his Matilda to share his home, and for Matilda to accept his offer with alacrity? And what other outcome was possible for a wife who could not master the rudiments of arithmetic, nor see the connection between arithmetic and merchandise even if she had mastered it, but to invest gayly in luxuries which Andy could not possibly afford, and which ran him quickly, remorselessly, and hopelessly in debt? And when the installment clerk, the rent collector, and the bill collecting agent all called at once, it was natural for a thrifty man to lose his temper, to give his wife (in the course of time) a kick as well as a scolding, and for his wife to cry, and tell him he was cross. And when this had happened often enough, and Andy found himself powerless to insist on what Matilda had no capacity to understand, it was natural for him to abandon the earning of an inadequate living, and to run away. It was natural for Matilda, thoroughly sick of working for no wages, and of listening to tiresome and incomprehensible exhortations, to try larceny again, and to run away in another direction. As for Mr. Stugel, training Matilda in extravagance was one thing when she was free to play the fool, and quite another when she was not. So after a few applications for a loan, one sight of Andy or his wife was enough to send the old man scuttling toward any point of the compass where he could feel sure of meeting neither of them.

Of course all this might have been avoided if Matilda could have grasped the arithmetical principles of addition and subtraction, the geometrical axiom that the whole is no greater than its parts, or even Poor Richard's maxim, that honesty is the best policy. But she could not. If she had been blind, she could not see the railroad crossing, and if she had been deaf, she could not hear the whistle. As it was, she was merely dull. She could not understand bills, budgets, behavior, nor several other things.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments" and so forth.

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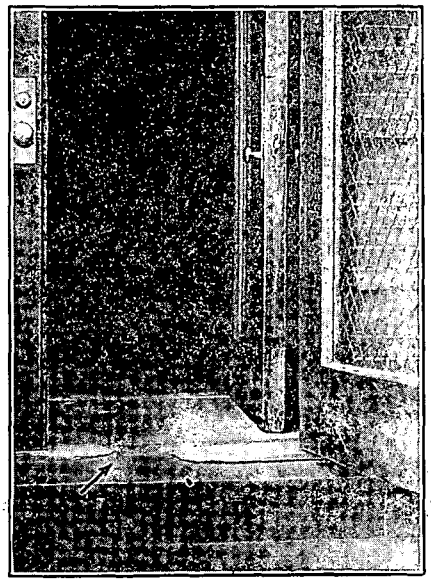

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EYES OF THE NEEDLES
(*Continued from page* 290)

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products; international work has advanced in the study of cancer, syphilis, sleeping sickness, malaria, tuberculosis (for instance the study of the effect of industrial labor on tuberculosis, of housing and food supplies in general and milk consumption in particular, and the cost of different measures applied to tuberculosis). At the request of Persia a delegate of the health section proceeded to that country to study what organization was possible against epidemics; even the aloof Union of Socialist Soviet Republics saw fit to call upon the health organization for help against endemic plague in certain parts of Eastern Siberia. There has been a helpful exchange made possible in public health officers and a desire on the part of some nations to enlarge this phase of international health work. In fact most of the work of the health organization has been done not on its own initiative but at the requests of governments, of national public health authorities, of the Council or Assembly.

Under the work of the financial committee the second commission discussed the effect of last year's £10,000,000 loan in settling over 700,000 of the 1,200,000 Greek refugees near Athens. A loan was approved for the economic development of Danzig. Once more the problem of an international relief union against calamities was discussed and measures were introduced toward having the Council take the necessary steps for forming such a union.

The fifth commission handled as usual social and humanitarian subjects: municipal cooperation internationally encouraged; opium—it was decided to send a committee of investigation to Persia to study what could be done with the problem of substitute crops. Under the leadership and inspiration of Fridjof Nansen the fifth commission discussed the pressing problem of Armenian refugees in all its phases. Someone—several—referred to the difficulty, if not impossibility, of solving the problem of Armenian refugees, to which Nansen replied that he was reminded of the definition of the difficult and the impossible: the difficult is what can be done at once, the impossible is what takes a little longer. It is Nansen's hope ultimately to settle a large body of Armenian refugees in the Armenian Republic of Erivan with the help of a loan similar to the one raised under the auspices of the League for Greek refugees.

The fifth commission recommended that the assembly request the Health Organization to investigate infant mortality from the point of view of feeding in infancy. Numerous problems concerning women and children were discussed, now from the point of view of Denmark in the person of the soft mouselike Mlle. Forchammer, now from the point of view of India in the person of the turbanned Maharaja of Patiala with his pearl and diamond earrings.

And lastly, some of the most exciting discussions of September centered about the question of slavery in the sixth commission. Lord Cecil in behalf of the British government produced at its very first meeting a protocol for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade. How easy to forget—or to be entirely unaware—that slavery has anything but historical interest in 1925! And yet such interest does it still possess that not yet in 1925 could the words of Lord Cecil's Protocol be allowed to stand:

SMOKE OF THE PEACE PIPES
(*Continued from page* 293)

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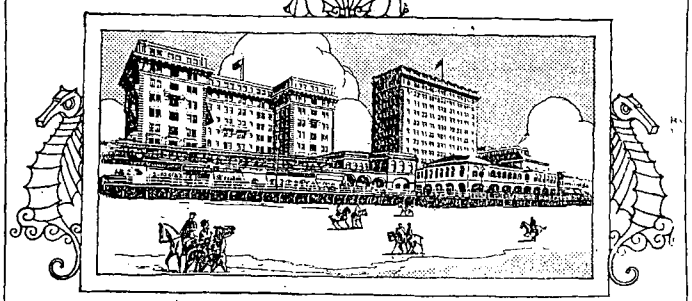

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The High Contracting Parties undertake to adopt all appropriate measures with a view to preventing and suppressing the embarkation, disembarkation and transport of slaves in their territorial waters and upon all vessels flying their respective flags.

Even in the matter of slavery evidently one can go so far and no further, if one expects the recommendations of the League of Nations to have practical results. As in opium so in slavery—indignation of the layman plays a small role compared to pecuniary advantages. To quote Lord Cecil in his report to the Sixth Assembly:

It [the draft convention on slavery] represents merely what the committee considers to be the highest minimum standard which can be set forth in formal international arrangements at the present time.

A comparatively unexciting assembly of the League of Nations, this sixth, if you will. But the idea behind the League Assembly was not that it should exist to produce excitement. To many delegates and visitors it is exciting and encouraging enough that another year the representatives of (this time) forty-nine nations, among them three prime ministers and sixteen foreign ministers, assembled under one roof to discuss the affairs of the international world. What more can we ask for than that each year the Assembly should advance a bit further than governments and public are quite prepared for? Look north, south, east, west and what more could be expected in September 1925 than what the Sixth Assembly was able to deliver, with the United States out of the League, Germany out of the League, the uncertainities of the security pact hanging over everyone's head?

OCTOBER in Locarno . . . ! Pessimists about the Security Pact are going to have a harder time than is usually the case, over this side of the world, rallying followers to their standard of doubts and misgivings. The world is sick of suspicions! And what is even more to the point, the Security Pact comes too near being what the world has been sighing after. It is a long cry from the Protocol, and is for that reason that much nearer what can be grasped and accepted in 1925, and at that, far in advance of anything conceivable in pre-war days.

The Security pact framed at Locarno guarantees the western boundary of Germany against aggression from either side. That is a statement of fact of momentous implications for the peace of mind not only of France and Germany but of the world at large. As long as France and Germany were glaring at each other no one could sit easy.

There are those of wisdom who say that the last locality in Europe where war was in any real danger of breaking out was along the western boundary of Germany. To guarantee that against aggression adds in its narrower sense nothing to the real peace of Europe. But the manner of arriving at that guarantee and one result of it are incalculable in their constructive and salutary effects.

First, everyone has had to admit that it was on the initiative of Germany that the great forward looking step was taken—Germany, the outcast. Second, for the first time since the war, Germany sat at a European council table

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on absolutely equal footing with every nation present. It may be that the letter of the Treaty of Versailles remains, security pact or no, intact. But by that international and total acceptance of Germany as a thoroughly equal collaborator at Locarno the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles was punctured gloriously and forevermore. And Poincaré still alive and forced to witness the day!

And lastly, a result of Locarno—and no one can prophesy its entire importance and ramifications—Germany enters the League, for as sure and certain as forecast could ever be, within a few months time. What that can augur for the League, for Europe, for the world! "They say" that for one thing it means the entrance before long of Turkey, and in the not dim future, through Germany's influence, of Russia as well. Watch the League when it becomes that all-embracing!

SEPTEMBER 1924 in Geneva was the greatest underlying impetus to a new outlook. September 1925 showed every nation just how deep rooted was the desire for peace based on the spirit and formula of the Protocol—arbitration, security, disarmament. Deeper rooted than Great Britain, for one, enjoyed realizing; not so deep as France, for one, had hoped. Great Britain sensed the fact that she lost the moral leadership of the world in September 1925. But Great Britain was far mellower in Locarno in October.

There was a general attitude of Indian summer and goodwill in Locarno. Statesmen have been learning these past years in Geneva to work together on a new basis. As the New Leader put it, "Water parties and confidential dinners were the order of the day instead of the hostile formality of earlier conferences." Chamberlain emerged from the Locarno sunshine a more human individual than he had made of himself in Geneva. He couldn't afford two Genevas.

But for all that, Great Britain accepted at Locarno the principle of compulsary arbitration with France, Germany and Belgium, and it had been her attitude on that subject at Geneva which did so much to harm her. Even so her action in Locarno was not enough to reinstate her in world favor, to reconcile entirely the ill effects of the previous month. She did not get her lost ground back, though she recovered much of it, in Locarno. Mrs. Chamberlain's innate diplomacy in arranging her birth so that she could celebrate in Locarno did its bit to move England up a peg or two. A few more birthday parties with Germany invited and the scrawny, molted, picked-looking dove of peace will grow a new batch of feathers and build a nest and lay eggs.

SO internationalism marked time a bit in September. In October stepped ahead.

How far along we'll be in September 1926 no one dare say. There are some to report the East feels itself more uneasy than ever,—there are for instance Greece and Bulgaria,—but certainly the circle of the peace pipes is smoking.

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NEW WATER IN OLD SKINS

(*Continued from page* 288)

in the traditional way, by repetition, to memorize everything. The village school could always be easily found by the noise of two or three classes reciting different lessons simultaneously and in full cry. The sense of confusion can be more easily imagined than described, but the teacher sat unmoved and calm through it all, occasionally intervening to pick out a wrong word here or a bad pronounciation there, like a skilled conductor picking out the wrong notes in an orchestra. Dried palmyra leaves were still the ordinary form of book used and sand was the writing material for infants. Three-fourths of the children lapsed into illiteracy soon after they had left school.

Today things are rapidly changing. Many villages have a neat little school building standing in an open spot with a good garden around it in which the boys themselves work. Modern educational methods are being gradually introduced. Splendid books in the vernacular are found today in all provinces. The "project method" is finding its way slowly into Indian pedagogy, as a result of the work done at Moga by Reverend W. J. McKee. The economic and social value of education is now realized so that the number of pupils in the schools has increased by a full third in the last ten years. In the native state of Travancore happy boys and girls of all castes with satchels or books and slates may be seen all over the countryside wending their way to school. Through the drama and other means the children are becoming the educators of the village in sanitation, hygiene and world-knowledge. Since education has been transferred to democratic ministers it has gone forward steadily in every direction. Educational ideals suited to rural life are being hammered out in teachers' conferences.

These are just a few of the ways in which new wine is being poured into the ancient bottles of India, or to keep to our own simile, new water into the old water-skins. India now seeks the control of her own life so that she may regulate and control this process to the end of working out the ideals inherent in her past. She realizes that Western conceptions have dominated her too completely in recent years and that only under Indian direction and inspiration can the future be successfully safeguarded. The education which has been developed under Western dominance "has not been able to build up the new culture in our real life," the Indian educator says today. Sir Asutosh Mukkerji of Calcutta in one of his speeches as Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, second only to Columbia University in size, said "Western civilization, however valuable as a factor in the progress of mankind, should not supercede, much less be permitted to destroy, the vital elements of our civilization." Western civilization is largely urban and as such has distinctively urban characteristics. Indian civilization is essentially rural and, as the late C. R. Das emphasized, political development in India must proceed from this basis and must ever have in view the needs of the village life of India. It is for this purpose among others that India demands the right to order her own progress so that she may be able to build up her new life in accordance with her own genius and with a view to making her own special contribution to mankind.

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THE INDIVISIBLE UTILITY
(*Continued from page* 306)

great and dramatic natural beauty such as has always been influential in determining the quality of regional culture, tending to florescence in art forms, literature, music, drama, architecture and painting. But the outstanding, and to my mind, the saving item of south-western culture is the necessity imposed upon the community, earlier referred to, of the extension of environmental consciousness. The successful administration of power and water utilities in the southwestern states calls for a prevailing engineering type of intelligence. When you consider that the Colorado project alone affects a territory almost as large as the republic of France, and of the utmost variety of topographical features and natural features, such as forests, mountain ranges, high and low valleys, this scarcely needs comment. No project not soundly engineered and consistenly maintained on an engineering basis can hope to have even a minimum of success. Nor can any project be politically administered in that region without involving the factor so seldom found in American politics, the extension of consciousness over long processes of time. The problems of forest cover and annual rainfall and run-off, alone, must be dealt with in terms of generations, and centuries. The wise and just allocation of power rights demands, on the part of the officials who deal with it, a prophetic insight into the trend of regional development. All of which calls for a corresponding political insight among the voters. In short, in order to live successfully with indivisible utilities of the scope they assume in our Southwest, the community must live at a very high level of intelligent awareness of its situation.

It is on this necessity that we must depend for counteracting the menace that lurks forever behind the communal-mindedness of community activity, the reduction of the community mind to a dead level of security, the ensuing slow down-slope of complacency to inertia, and of inertia to desuetude. Not being able, in the presence of the superb opportunity of the Southwest, to accept such a future for the English-speaking, we can only conclude that we are face to face here with the most interesting possibility of social evolution that the world-scene at present affords. Here all the impetus and capacity of the English-speaking community is locked with the dominant pattern-forming item of the future, the indivisible utility. For with the development of giant power and the continued evolution of quantity production, the shadow of Indivisibility waxes large over the old town-and-country complex with its inherent separateness and its lost dream of escape. Here, and not in the cafés of Prague or the cellars of Leningrad, is the stilly turning wheel on which the fair new shape of society is moulded.

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USING PRINTS

(*Continued from page 297*)

overcome in themselves or others the common propensity to resist and dislike the new and strange.

Education is the only answer. Adults whose habits of mind have been bent to the acceptance of imitation as the normal function of pictures must break such limiting habits before they can even see other qualities. Children, by instinct and by the fortunate design-approach training in the Dow manner now prevalent in public schools, are already largely free to create and enjoy creation. Association with creative work, then, is naturally the next essential and this can be had by any person or group that will make the necessary effort to gain it. The American Institute of Graphic Arts in presenting the Fifty Print exhibit, though not taking an official stand as favoring either school, has at least given the public its chance to judge and secure both types of work. If, in answer to the opportunity thus offered, sufficient requests for the use or purchase of these prints come in, two events will undoubtedly occur. The Fifty Print exhibition will be made an annual affair, and a print rental system, similar to the book rental system now so popular, will be worked out so that schools or societies or individuals can rent a group of prints or a single print on trial, to be bought or returned as desired after the test of a month's association. Many public libraries already have or are gathering print collections which are now shown in their own galleries occasionally but which may, in the future, be rented out. Dayton, Ohio, seems to be the first American city to put this plan into practice (with paintings). The Dayton Art Museum had the vision, some four years ago, to start a circulating gallery of paintings by American artists. Pictures were loaned for a month and renewed or changed. The artists received compensation for this *use* of their work. The scheme caught the popular fancy and homes that had never known an original work of art tried one out and found it indispensable. Interest spread till last winter, one hundred and fifty paintings were in constant circulation and the scope of the work was constantly widening. The press is already giving space to creative work and such illustrations can be clipped for study—a system which gets away from the sterility of the "art appreciation" courses and subjects that, in their standards of excellence, are the usual twenty-five to fifty years behind the times.

Contemporary creation in any art can be actively shared. It is built out of living environment. Its flavor is familiar. It speaks a common language. It is kin to living men. To pleasure in it more spontaneously than in creations of other ages and other peoples is a normal, healthy act. Original prints have always been, and still are, the people's medium. They are more widely available than any other "hand" medium in the visual arts. Those who know them use them. Those who come to know them will also use them. And those who know or come to know them as visualizations of the unknown rather than of the known, will use them quite naturally for the richer experience values to be had from creative expression and design plus story, subject interest and skill, than from these literary and technical qualities minus the thing the creator gives to the work. We can recapture the age of wonder. And prints, if they are wisely *used,* and widely, will help.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEACHER. An experimental community boarding school in which all the work of the place is done by students and faculty wants a woman as Domestic Science Teacher who will work with the children and other helpers in the kitchen preparing the meals, who understands food values and who believes that the way to teach children is through life's experience. 5347 SURVEY.

WANTED: Young men and young women as councillors for a Jewish educational summer camp. Training and experience essential. Apply in writing only. C. J. I. Camps, 125 East 85th Street, New York City.

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WANTED by Jewish Community Centre, near New York a man to act as Educational Director. Must have academic training and some experience in educational work. Should have ability to arrange and supervise educational activities of a Jewish Centre. Reply stating age, previous training and experience and salary. 5356 SURVEY.

WANTED by Jewish Community Centre near New York, a man to act as Membership Secretary. Must have academic training, ability to handle people and experience in publicity work. Reply stating age, previous experience, training and salary. 5357 SURVEY.

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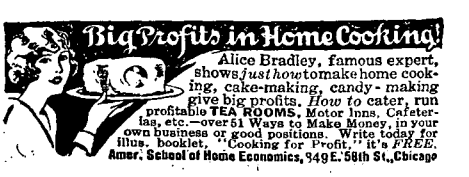
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AGED CLIENTS OF BOSTON SOCIAL AGENCIES, by a Group of Investigators and Social Workers, Lucile Eaves, Director. Experienced Social workers comment on studies based on over a thousand case histories of care given the aged. Order from the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., Cloth, 152 pp., $1.25.

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The Survey

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